

THE MONTH

Per menses singulos reddens fructum suum,
et folia ligni ad sanitatem gentium.
(*Apo.* xxii. 2.)

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CONTENTS

No. 613—JULY

	PAGE
Anti-Miraculous Presuppositions. By the Rev. Sydney F. Smith	1
Processional (verse). By Theodore Maynard	17
Warwick Road. By Edith Cowell	18
"The Doctrine of the Great Hour." By the Rev. Thomas J. Gerrard	26
The Latest Portent of Anglicanism. By H. S. Dean	36
Charles Péguy. By E. M. Walker	41
Great Possessions (verse). By Armel O'Connor	52
The Shepherd of Dhu Lough. By St. John Whitty	53
English Ritualia, Old and New. By the Rev. Herbert Thurston	60
Miscellanea. I. <i>Critical and Historical Notes</i> . Mascots [75]. The Imagination and the Cinematograph [77]. A Word on Anglican Orders [80]. II. <i>Topics of the Month</i> [83]. III. <i>Notes on the Press</i> [92].	

No. 614—AUGUST

After Twelve Months. By the Editor	113
Adoration (verse). By Mother St. Jerome	123
"Corn of the Elect." By G. W. St. George Saunders	124
The Church's Flowers. By James Britten, K.S.G.	127
The Appellant Controversy. III. By the Rev. J. H. Pollen	141
John Huss. By the Rev. Herbert Thurston	156
An Eighteenth Century Children's Magazine. By C. M. Bowen	165
The Roman Campagna (verse). By H. E. G. Rope	170
Dead Sea Fruit. By Stephen Bradd	171
Miscellanea. I. <i>Critical and Historical Notes</i> . The Pope and <i>La Liberté</i> [182]. Is War War? [186]. A Fable of the Marriage Rite [189]. II. <i>Topics of the Month</i> [192]. III. <i>Notes on the Press</i> [202].	

No. 615—SEPTEMBER

The Pope's Appeal for Peace. By the Rev. Sydney F. Smith	225
The Psychological Novels of Mgr. Benson. By M. I.	234
Nondum (verse). By the late Rev. Gerard Hopkins (?)	246
The Return of the Képis. By Helen Grierson	248
The Appellant Controversy. IV. By the Rev. J. H. Pollen	256
A Late Harvest. By Mary Samuel Daniel	272
The Prayer (verse). By G. M. Hort	279
Two Anglo-Irish Poets. By Charlotte Dease	280
The Holy Eucharist and the "Rituale Romanum." By the Rev. Herbert Thurston	291
Miscellanea. I. <i>Critical and Historical Notes</i> . War News, Genuine and Spurious [301]. Bequests for Secularist Objects [304]. II. <i>Topics of the Month</i> [306]. III. <i>Notes on the Press</i> [317].	

No. 616—OCTOBER

	PAGE
Religion and the War. By the Rev. Sydney F. Smith . . .	337
French and English. IV. English. By John Ayscough . . .	346
North and South (verse). By the Rev. H. E. G. Rope . . .	354
The Religious Philosophy of Kant. By Alfred Rahilly . . .	356
Haloes. By Dorothea Birch . . .	366
Anglicanism at the Front. By James Britten, K.S.G. . . .	373
To any Saint (verse). By Theodore Maynard . . .	385
All Souls and its Three Masses. By the Rev. Herbert Thurston . .	386
A Tale of Crime. By M. A. Curtois . . .	399
The Menace of the Slacker. By the Editor . . .	405
Miscellanea. I. <i>Critical and Historical Notes.</i> An Advantage of Catholic Historians [417]. The <i>Westminster Gazette</i> and Cardinal Newman [420]. II. <i>Topics of the Month</i> [423]. III. <i>Notes on the Press</i> [432].	

No. 617—NOVEMBER

La Toussaint. By A. A. Pitman . . .	449
Zacharias (verse). By G. M. Hort. . . .	457
The First Clause of Magna Carta. By the Rev. Sydney F. Smith . .	459
"A Chapter of Accidents." By P. Dillon and M. E. Young . . .	473
The Appellant Controversy. V. By the Rev. J. H. Pollen . . .	480
Daudet's "Contes du Lundi." By C. M. Bowen . . .	496
The Armagh Hymnal. By James Britten, K.S.G. . . .	503
Mary (verse). By Eleanor Downing . . .	511
"Huns." By the Rev. Herbert Thurston . . .	513
French and English. V. Neither. By John Ayscough . . .	524
Miscellanea. I. <i>Critical and Historical Notes.</i> Reprisals [530]. The Hungry Dead [534]. II. <i>Topics of the Month</i> [538]. III. <i>Notes on the Press</i> [548].	

No. 618—DECEMBER

Christmas Night (verse). By Ruth Lindsay . . .	561
Mr. Balfour's Defence of Theism. By Alfred Rahilly . . .	562
The Future of Rome. By Edith Cowell . . .	575
An Essay on Restoration. By the Rev. H. S. Squirrell . . .	583
Mr. Brown of Jones and Co. By George Whitfield . . .	589
The Shepherd and the Sheep (verse). By Mother St. Jerome . . .	600
The Poetry of Francis Jammes. By Charles Bewley . . .	602
"Incorporeall Souldiers." By L. I. Guiney . . .	610
The Hollow of the Mass. By Alice Dease . . .	615
Miscellanea. I. <i>Critical and Historical Notes.</i> The Validity of Anglican Baptisms [623]. Memoirs made to Sell [626]. Some Statistics of German "Kultur" [628]. Did the Pope ever approve the Prayer Book? [630]. II. <i>Topics of the Month</i> [634]. III. <i>Notes on the Press</i> [645].	



ANTI-MIRACULOUS PRE-SUPPOSITIONS

WE may now claim to have shown, by interrogating all the periods of her history, how much more convincing than the generality of people imagine is the testimony to the reality of an unbroken chain of miracles in the Catholic Church, from the beginnings down to the present day. A body of testimony of this gravity, if invoked for occurrences that clearly did not overstep the boundary of the natural, would be deemed convincing, and would be readily accepted by all. Indeed, we have a signal proof of this in the method followed by modern rationalistic writers. No longer do these, after the former fashion of their kind, reject straight off as spurious any ancient records which narrate miraculous stories; they confine themselves to the rejection of nature-miracles only, and such others as they see no other way of explaining by a naturalistic process, whilst admitting all such miracles of healing as they consider themselves able to refer to natural processes. A typical instance of this method is afforded by the Rev. J. M. Thompson, whose argument we took for the subject of our inquiry in the first article of this series. Mr. Thompson, like others of his class, protests that he is not influenced by theoretic principles in his estimate of the evidence for the miracles of the New Testament.

There was a time [he says] when either the impossibility of miracles as such, or the impossibility of finding sufficient evidence to prove them, would have been held to rule out our whole inquiry. But nowadays the scientific view is more cautiously expressed. The more confidently we rely on the uniformity of nature, the more willing we are to allow that, after all, it is a postulate of scientific method not a necessity of thought. In practice it is true to admit a miracle is to commit intellectual suicide. But theoretically, science does not deny the possibility of anything. Further, the possibility that a miracle may happen involves (at least in theory) the possibility of finding sufficient evidence to prove it. Accordingly we need not turn aside into the paths of this ancient controversy.

Without wishing in any way to impugn Mr. Thompson's

personal sincerity, we cannot but characterize this as a very deceptively-constructed paragraph. The uniformity of nature is based neither on any necessity of thought nor on any mere postulate of scientific method, but on the observation supported by experiment of general facts. Still the latent assumption in Mr. Thompson's statement that to admit uniformity of nature is to exclude the possibility of miracle is without warrant, as we shall have occasion presently to show. Yet it is just this latent assumption which enables him to claim, in the very same breath with his repudiation of *apriorism*, that to admit miracle is to commit intellectual suicide. Clearly, then, he like others of his class, must be convicted of the offence of subordinating his historical criticism to *a priori* presuppositions, and in submission to their exigencies twisting and torturing the historical documents into senses their language will not bear.

This much we may now claim to have shown, but what about the philosophical presuppositions themselves which have constrained their adherents to this unlawful tampering with historical documents? Here we must begin by distinguishing between remote and proximate presuppositions. In the former category we must certainly place disbelief in the existence of a personal, all-wise, all-holy, and all-powerful God, of such a God as Christians believe in; and likewise disbelief in Jesus Christ, the Son of Mary and at the same time the natural Son of God, who came to redeem fallen man, who watches over him through life by a special Providence, and founded a Church to teach him and to rule him in spiritual things. That most of those who deny that there can be miracles, deny also the existence of such a God as this, and likewise the divinity of Jesus Christ, is a patent fact, and it is certain that many of these are prepared to admit that, if the above stated propositions could be regarded as true, the difficulties against miracles would largely disappear.

And the connexion between these two classes of disbelief is easily intelligible. If there is no personal God there can be no agent capable of intervening in the course of nature, which course therefore must necessarily be conceived of as ruled by an iron chain of causation. And if there be no Jesus Christ, though it is absolutely conceivable that God should intervene for the instruction and guidance of men, it becomes, for those who take up the position, immensely improbable that He should wish to do so, inasmuch as belief

in God, when unaccompanied by belief in the God-man, is wont to take the form of a cold deism which thinks ever of God as dwelling near the hinges of the heavens and caring not about man and what appertains to man. We believe that, though they are usually kept in the background, it is principally these antecedent disbeliefs which control the minds of those who reject miracles absolutely. Still, they are remote presuppositions, and as such need to be dealt with in treatises specially concerned with them, for they cannot be adequately examined in a single article like this.

But besides these there are some proximate presuppositions, and it is the latter which are mostly put in the forefront as precluding the necessity of considering the historical evidence. It is these we have now to consider. And in the first place, let us consider the objection that a miracle is by supposition an exception to or derogation from the laws of nature, a thing which, it is urged, is inconceivable, inasmuch as it implies that the author of nature has made his laws so imperfectly that they need from time to time, just as do the instruments of human workmanship, to be revised, and to be checked or altered in various ways to make them work satisfactorily. But such a suggestion betrays a radical misunderstanding as to what the laws of nature are, and what is their relation to the effects which result from their working.

The meaning of the term "law" as applied to the course of nature is to be carefully distinguished from the same term when used of any species of moral law. The latter, which is the primary and proper use of the term, signifies a stable system of rules of conduct, prescribed to his subjects by a ruler who requires of them in return that free obedience which is due to a ruler's authority. Since the outcome of obedience thus rendered to the laws of the sovereign is a fixed and orderly method of conduct and action in a kingdom composed of moral beings, the term "law" comes to bear the secondary sense of constant and orderly action as the outcome of obedience to law. It thus becomes an appropriate term by which to designate the constant and orderly course of nature, regarded as the outcome of the various constituent substances of the physical universe acting each in accordance with the nature and energies that belong to it. In this case there is no question of free obedience. These physical agents are determinist in their action, and the order which results therefrom is similarly determinist. There is, indeed, a par-

tial exception to this. In the multiplicity of cosmic agents there is a whole class, which in a large department of its actions, is endowed with free will, and as a consequence the works of man stand out in contrast to the works of nature, and bear upon their face the triumph of man over nature. Still, man is able to triumph thus over nature only by exploring the secrets of the various material substances and their inherent capacities and energies, and learning to guide and direct their working to the furtherance of his own ends. And impressive and far reaching as under one aspect is this stamp of human workmanship set upon the face of the earth, under another and vastly more far-reaching aspect this work of man is in comparison so insignificant that the physical universe is none the less regarded as an effect of the interaction of a system of determinist forces. It is in this sense that we are wont to speak of the uniformity of nature.

But to understand aright the relation of these forces to the effects that are the outcome of their working, we must bear in mind the principle of resultancy which governs such combinations of forces. When two or more propelling forces act upon a material body, say, a football, the direction of the motion it receives is that determined by the comparative strength and angle of incidence of the impinging forces. This principle of resultancy is not confined to the composition of locomotive forces. It pervades the whole physical universe, and is particularly noticeable when the forces which exclusively control changes in inorganic systems enter into composition with the vital forces of living organisms. Here, too, the action of the physical and chemical forces is discernible in the structure of the organism and the functions of its life, but it is the vital force which presides over the processes of assimilation, using and directing, in accordance with the exigencies of the type up to which it is working, the natural properties of the inferior forces, and to it therefore the resultant direction is mainly attributable. And the same is to be said of the work of man on the face of the earth. As has been seen, man uses the forces of inferior nature for his own purposes. But in using them he controls and directs their action, and so the resultant direction is chiefly his. It is the same with the immediate work of God, should He deign to intervene, as the doctrine of miracles assumes that He may do on occasion. Sometimes His intervention will take the form of hastening on a natural process to a de-

gree to which nature herself cannot attain, sometimes of producing an effect of which nature is in no sense capable; but even in this last case the miracle will involve some concurrence between the divine action and that of some natural processes—as when life is restored to the dead, which will involve the rehabilitation of the dead body, not only by re-infusing the soul into it, but also by reawakening the activity of every function of the organism.

Where then is the derogation from the laws of nature which a miracle is said to involve? When a man catches a cricket ball, we do not consider him to be derogating from the law of nature according to which a moving body continues to move in the direction and with the velocity communicated to it. That law remains just as it was, as does also the kindred law that, when a moving body encounters resistance or derives accession of movement from a new force acting on it at an angle, the result will be to retard or accelerate the motion with a change of direction, or else to extinguish the motion altogether by converting it into heat. The effect only is changed from what it would otherwise have been, the change following the principle of resultancy, which is what ultimately determines the uniformity of the course of nature. And so, too, if God intervenes to cure a cancer or to restore the eyesight. The divine action checks the action of some injurious natural process, and aids or supplements that of some beneficial process. The miracle involves a change in the resultant effect, as compared with what it would have been had there been no divine intervention, but the natural processes, thus checked or aided or supplemented for this one case, remain in the organism, in potentiality or act, just what they were, and indeed they have acted according to their invariable nature all through. Where then is the derogation?

It will perhaps be said that it is in the violation of that principle of the conservation of energy which governs the movements and changes of material bodies throughout, as science has established by innumerable observations. For according to this law the ultimate material constituents of the universe, whatever be their nature, and similarly the energy which pervades them all, are two constant quantities, in such sort, that whatever be the physical actions and reactions they undergo, and whatever be the consequent changes that constitute the course of nature, they are only rearrangements and

transformations of the same underlying elements and the same pervading energy. Now, if we suppose that some force acting from outside the system of the universe were to act upon it, this could hardly be done without introducing some new quantity of energy into its stores, and thereby destroying the whole delicate balance. This then is the disturbing effect a miracle, were it possible, would have.

This view was almost universal among the authorities on physical science a generation ago, and was put forward with the utmost confidence. Times are changed now, and, although there is still, it may be, a majority who swear by this law of conservation, the voices are continually multiplying of those who have become doubtful of its validity. In the first place there is something rather hazardous about the mode in which it is established. Experiments have been made with small systems. For instance, "it has been proved by experiment that the energy-value of the output of the human body, in the form of work, heat, chemical products and so forth equals almost exactly the energy value of food and oxygen absorbed, that is, the value of the sum total of energy supplied to the body; the difference between the quantities measured being so small as to fall well within the margin of error of the most careful experiment." Then from this conclusion as to the validity of the principle for an artificially closed system the inference is made that it applies as fully to the closed system of the entire material universe. The inference can hardly be regarded as convincing, but let us grant that it accords with the facts, as is not unlikely in itself. But we must not forget that the principle only lays down that, if no further energy is introduced from without the system, the transformations that occur within it will conform to the law of conservation. How can it be a valid inference from this that the author of the universe cannot act on some part of its framework for a special purpose, without adding so seriously to the sum-total of its energy as to disturb its entire balance?

But the chief, though not the only objection which has created doubts as to the soundness of the principle of conservation, even among a section of scientific authorities, is that it has seemed to them inconsistent with the fact of the free will of man. For that it is so is what the upholders of the system have claimed.

The law of conservation of energy [says Mr. William Mac

Dougall in his *Mind and Body*] . . . is held to be incompatible with the belief that psychical influences can modify in any way or degree the course of physical processes, for any such influence, it is said, must either diminish or increase the quantity of physical energy of the universe, and so violate the law of conservation of energy. For the nervous changes that are the concomitants of our psychical activities are physical processes. Therefore it is argued they must run their course without being in the slightest degree affected by psychical influences.

A generation ago most scientific men were determinists, and that a supposed physical law should tell against the possibility of free will seemed to them a strong argument in its favour rather than otherwise. Nowadays, there is a better realization that the fact of free will is a primary intuition of the human mind, and that it underlies and irresistibly controls the whole manner of our life. It follows that any scientific or philosophical theory which is incompatible with it stands self-condemned. It does not follow that the principle of conservation is of this nature. Many have thought that the controlling power of human free will over the actions of the body, being directive only, does not require for its exercise any addition or subtraction of bodily energy, and that may well be. But if the intervention of the free will in bodily actions does involve a conflict with the law of conservation, it is the latter, not the former, which is discredited. And it is the same with the divine intervention when a miracle is wrought. It may be that in some miracles the divine intervention is directive only (though in a far higher way than is possible to human free will) of the physical processes which it affects and modifies, and then the conflict between it and the law of conservation may not arise. But if in other cases it does arise (and it is hard not to think that in some miracles it does) then, assuming that the miracles in question have been authenticated as facts by the sort of evidence which the Church requires in her official inquiries, we must hold that the law of conservation is for such cases overridden by the higher action of the divine intervention. Nor is there any difficulty in this for those who believe in the existence of a personal God of infinite power; for, as we have already claimed, such a God has clearly the power to create more substance and more energy, where it seems to Him fitting, as likewise to adjust completely the total distribution of energy throughout the universe, if the balance should have been in any way disturbed as a result of the miracle.

There is another form in which the objection to miracle drawn from the supposed interruption of uniformity in the course of nature is presented. If miracle is allowed by God to break through this law of uniformity, how can science, which is the study of these uniform laws, continue to maintain itself? How can it be sure that its calculations, based as they are on belief that these uniformities will always persist, will prove trustworthy? This difficulty, however, is already disposed of by the distinction that has been drawn between the laws of nature and the course of nature. The laws of nature, in the sense of the mode of action of the substances and forces that compose the universe, may be supplemented or resisted by superior forces, but their action remains throughout the working of the miracle just what it is otherwise. And if the course of nature is varied somewhat by the occasional appearance of some unusual result, this in no way impedes the investigations of science. The works of man on the face of the earth disturb the course of nature considerably, if we are to understand by this course of nature the course which things would have constantly followed if there were no men to quarry the stone, cut down the trees, prepare the glass and other necessities, and with the materials thus gathered and prepared, build up innumerable towns. Yet no one is misled in consequence of this widespread and complex inroad, on the part of man's free will, into the course of nature, so as to doubt whether stone will continue to harden in the quarries and exhibit the qualities of strength, or durability, or pliancy, or decorative beauty; or trees to grow and manifest the specific qualities of their kind. Even if some wholly new effect were to appear on earth, just because of the contrast it offered to the usual effects of nature's or man's known powers and their limits, it would but call attention to the unfamiliar cause that has produced it and to its distinctive qualities. And this last is what happens when a miracle appears. When, for instance, the man born blind (John ix. 10) was brought to our Lord, and, after having his eyes plastered by Him with a mixture of spittle and clay, and having washed himself in the Pool of Siloam, found that his sight was restored, we read that the people were insistent to know how it had been done. There is no sign that they were moved to doubt henceforth the uniformity of the course of nature, and that they no longer felt certain of the properties of the clay when moistened with spittle

and used as an eye plaster, or of the properties of the water in the Pool. That these kept their natural properties they quite understood. They only sought to ascertain what new cause had supervened to effect what spittle and clay and washing in water could of themselves not account for. And after hearing the man's story of the part in the cure taken by Jesus, many like the man himself appear to have been convinced that the cause they sought was the divine power that dwelt in Jesus of Nazareth. "Since the world began it was not heard that any man opened the eyes of one that was born blind. If this man were not of God he could do nothing." He argued like a reasonable man and those who believe in the miracles of Lourdes or in those which have stood the test of a canonical investigation are like him. The Pharisees—whose procedure, as we read of it in the pages of St. John, appears to us all so unreasonable—are but types of the anti-miraculists who follow their example in modern days.

There is still a numerous section of critics who hold to the position that miracles are impossible *a priori*, and on this ground claim to push aside whatever testimony is offered for particular miracles as inadmissible. Another section, however, which at the present day is more to the front, deprecates the metaphysical character of the *a priori* arguments, and strives to reach the same ultimate conclusion by a simpler road. Matthew Arnold is the best known English writer whose name is associated with this mode of dealing with the question. Thus, in summing up the argument of his book on *God and the Bible*, he says:

Our opponents say "Everything depends on the question whether miracles do or did really happen; and you abstain from all attempt to prove their impossibility, you simply assume that they never happen." And this which our opponents say is true and we have repeatedly admitted it. At the end of this investigation we admit it once more, and lay stress upon it. That miracles cannot happen we do not attempt to prove, the demonstration is too ambitious. That they do not happen; that what are called miracles are not what the believers in them fancy, but have a natural history of which we can follow the course, the slow action of experience, we say, more and more shows; and shows too that there is no exception to be made in favour of the Bible miracles.

In France M. Littré is generally cited as the leader of those who have taken up the same position. He has maintained

it frequently in his written works, notably in his Preface to the French translation of Strauss's *Leben Jesu*, but for a reason that will appear in a moment, we give by preference some words from an article M. Littré wrote in the *Philosophie positive* for July-August, 1869, entitled *Un fragment de médecine retrospective*:

A priori science does not deny miracle or the introversion of the course of nature. But *a posteriori* it recognises that before its tribunal, under its eyes, in its hands, no miracle has happened. It is thus that a conflict has arisen between science and miracle, in which the latter has been worsted.

Other names might easily be added to the number of those who take this view, and one cannot but remark on the significance of such a cleavage among the opponents of the miraculous. It is true that both of these rationalistic sections are one in regarding the admission of real miracles, as, to use Mr. J. M. Thompson's phrase, an act of intellectual suicide. But the dissent of the latter from the *a priori* arguments of the former, though until recent times they were relied on by them all, may surely be taken to prove that these arguments are no longer felt by the anti-miraculists themselves to be really efficacious. To that extent they have yielded to our contention.

But let us examine the new position. And the first thing about it that must strike us is that it should at least induce its advocates to welcome every opportunity of examining the case for any alleged miracles that are brought forward, at all events, such cases as those which have been examined at Lourdes by the *Bureau des Constatactions*, or have stood the sifting processes of the Congregation of Rites. We have seen, however, in the previous articles, how difficult it has always been to get scientific men of rationalistic temperament to undertake examinations of this sort. M. Littré himself supplies an illustration of this inconsistency. For soon after the appearance of the article from which we have quoted, Père Bonniot, as appears from the Preface to his *Le Miracle et ses Contrefaçons*, wrote to M. Littré, calling his attention to the *procès-verbal* (a copy of which he enclosed), of the cure of a deaf-mute at Lourdes, with the request that he would show how a natural explanation could be given of a cure which was at least extraordinary. M. Littré wrote back:

Miracles, especially miraculous cures, have been published

at all times ancient and modern, in pagan as much as Christian sanctuaries, near the relics or tombs of the saints, at the cemetery of the Deacon Paris, in the houses of the sorcerers, and quite recently at the house of the famous Zouave Jacob. All these might have been true, but when verified by the aid of scientific experience, they have turned out to be nothing but illusions, whether because the effects were simply natural, or because credulity or fraud had endowed them with the appearance of the supernatural. I think that the demonstration is definitive, but as the philosophy of which I am the disciple does not recognise anything at all as absolute, it has not knowledge whether the natural laws will ever be found out as not holding. [As if any one on our side had ever claimed that natural laws ceased to hold in the case of a miracle!] For the present moment it is confident they have not been found to be thus wanting. Miracles are like facts of animal magnetism, or table-turning. They come into existence only where there are people ready beforehand to believe in them. I have no doubt that under certain circumstances, which, however, are very limited, effective cures are wrought at Lourdes, just as one was wrought in the case of the Zouave Jacob. I have never recommended the Zouave, nor shall I ever recommend the waters of Lourdes.

This passage is surely suggestive. We have never heard of the case of the Zouave Jacob, but that is of no consequence. The important point is that M. Littré was invited to study an authenticated account of a cure that had recently taken place at Lourdes, and he refused to do so. There is not, it will be noticed, a word of allusion to this Lourdes case, the examination of which was in his reach, and the exposure by him of which, had that been possible, would have given him a far superior argumentative position than he gets by his vague general allusion to cures at tombstones, ancient and modern, the case of the Deacon Paris with its crop of *convulsionnaires*, and the unknown Zouave Jacob.

The reasons wont to be advanced in support of the anti-miraculous presuppositions assume various forms, but those we have been examining may be taken as sufficiently representative of them all. We may therefore leave them at that, as this series of articles cannot be prolonged indefinitely. We may, however, advantageously add a criticism or two on the hypothesis of unknown forces in which the anti-miraculist is wont to take refuge in the last resort, when otherwise unable to discredit the evidence offered for particular miracles. This hypothesis cannot indeed be regarded as belonging to

the category of presuppositions; it is rather an expedient employed by the anti-miraculist to evade the necessity of meeting the grave objections to his presuppositions. Still, even as such it may conveniently be examined at this stage, for the light it throws on the whole nature of the anti-miraculous position.

It is said that centuries ago things would inevitably have been deemed miraculous which now are seen by everybody to be within the range of natural law. Such are the rapid movements from place to place which have been made possible by the use of steam or electricity, the almost instantaneous transmission of messages from one end of the earth to the other by marconigraph, the communication to distant places and even the fixing down and preservation to future generations of the very sound of well-known human voices. Such again are the cures of wounds and diseases which in former times would have been deemed hopeless, but which are now rendered easy and almost certain by the discovery of anti-septics. Why should we not then, it is asked, regard these cures at Lourdes and elsewhere, which it is granted are often very wonderful, and surpass our present powers of explanation, as cures which none the less will be capable of explanation and of achievement by natural means, some day in the future when science, which is already making such great advances, has advanced a little further?

This is very specious, but a little reflection will reveal to us how wanting it is in solidity. To begin with, though we are justified in anticipating that the advance of human knowledge along its present paths will make a great many things intelligible and possible to us which so far we can hardly imagine, perhaps cannot imagine at all, there are limits to the progress of this kind which we can assign without fear of error. No one conceives it possible that we shall ever be able to raise the dead, or mend a broken leg or heal up a suppurating wound in the space of a few moments, by merely taking a bath in cold water, any more than he conceives it possible that by similar means we shall some day be able to turn a stone by the wayside into a flourishing fruit tree, or raise a generation of men whose average height will be comparable with that of giraffes. Moreover, when so much is expected from the progress of human knowledge, it should be remembered under what conditions that progress is invariably made. For scientific discoveries are never

found to conflict with the laws of nature as they are now known to us. On the contrary, they are the result of a deeper penetration into the powers of these known laws, usually with the object of discovering how what has hitherto been mere speculative knowledge may be utilized for practical purposes, and hence of devising some delicate mechanisms or instruments by which the practical application sought may be realized. Thus the telegraph, the marconigraph, the phonograph, are all applications of the fact of electricity, and electricity in itself, at all events in its elementary forms, was known of long previously. The process of fermentation also has been known of for centuries past, and it was reflection on the nature of fermentation that led on to the discovery that many of the diseases which afflict our bodies are of a zymotic character, and that relief from them can be obtained by the use of germ-killing preparations.

This general fact about the character of scientific advance has an important bearing on the objection we are considering. It brings out that it never effects any intrinsic change in the powers of a man's body. All the inventions in the world do not make it possible for a man to increase substantially his natural rate of walking or running, or his power to hear at a distance, or, on the other hand, his power to resist the forces that make for disease or death. If he has at hand some of these modern inventions and can avail himself of them, they may enable him to move at a rate impossible to his ancestors, or to preserve his voice for the interest of his descendants, or to prevent insanitary conditions, or to throw off a dangerous fever. But, if he is beyond the reach of these aids he is no better off than the men of former generations, and the men of future generations under similar limitations will be no better off than he is now. Now we can certainly say that the pilgrims who have gone to Lourdes in our own days have not used appliances of the sort indicated, not even any that the present generation could supply, much less such as are not yet invented; and we may say the same of the men of past generations who have claimed to be miraculously cured. So that if some of the occurrences they deemed miraculous were now practicable with the aid of modern appliances, this fact would in no way prove that they were not done miraculously in the past. At the same time we may ask where we are to look for miracles, regarded as

such in the past, which could now be worked easily by the aid of modern therapeutics? There may have been such, indeed it is highly probable that there were. But no stress was apparently laid upon them by the experts of their time, who were in fact much more shrewd than our modern theorists are prepared to give them credit for. We may doubt whether such occurrences would have been accepted as miracles if set before the Congregation of Rites, or even if submitted to the medieval investigations which preceded the establishment of the Congregation, and gradually evolved its methods of procedure. Nor do we find them in the specimens from a still earlier age which we brought forward in the second article on Ecclesiastical Miracles.

And then there is this further consideration on which those should reflect who think to find a rationalistic solution at some future time of these Catholic miracles, which they acknowledge their inability to explain by their present knowledge. What precisely is it that they are in search of? Is it some law or system of purely physical forces acting deterministically, or some form of personal action exceeding what is attainable under present conditions? They are not likely to say the latter, for, if once this is conceded as a possible explanation, the contention that Almighty God is the one Person capable of the personal action to be explained is (to put it mildly), by far the most reasonable; yet this is just the hypothesis they are resisting. It must then be some system of blind forces they are looking for, and no doubt that is the case. But if so, have they noticed that the phenomena they have to explain are not of the sort that blind causality can account for? We know the difference between machine-made and hand-made goods. In the former, every article passed through the same machine is an exact reproduction of the rest. In the latter the personal stamp is seen in the individual differences that distinguish one article from another. Yet it is just this feature of individual differences that differentiates one miracle from another. The Lourdes miracles are a sufficient illustration of what we mean.

Unknown laws [says Dr. Boissarie when on this very point] must involve the same relation of causes and effects as do known laws. If there were at Lourdes a law, known or unknown, which controlled the cures, we should have results marked by certainty and constancy. If we were to place the sick persons in the same conditions of environment, of disposition, and temperament, they

should, if afflicted with the same diseases, exhibit cures that would be produced fatally on certain days—whereas those that do occur there follow no rule, but are worked, some on pilgrims on their way to Lourdes, some on those who are on their return home, some on those who have given up all hope, some on children too young to be conscious of what is happening to them.

And, we may add, some are cured through the application of the water of the spring, some without the application of any water at all, some when lying on the side of the road, awaiting the moment at which the Blessed Sacrament will pass by them.

Dr. Boissarie also calls attention to the problem presented to the seeker after an unknown law, by the uncertainty whether any definite person will be cured or not, which is characteristic of the miracles of Lourdes. Thus the Hospice of Villepoint, an institution reserved for consumptive patients, began in 1896 to send a party of its inmates to Lourdes annually to join the national pilgrimage.

During the three years 1896, 1897, 1898, we received [says Dr. Boissarie] fifty-four of its inmates, all consumptives under different forms and in different degrees, but all seriously affected. From among these fifty-four sick persons twenty-four cures or ameliorations have been authenticated, all of which, with few exceptions, have been maintained, whilst the thirty uncured, and some who experienced no amelioration, have nearly all died since. [Dr. Boissarie is writing in 1908.] There is a lesson in this collective result which is not to be disregarded, for the twenty-four cured were in as bad a state as those who died; there was no principle of selection employed in choosing them out. Moreover, the cures at Lourdes were effected instantaneously, or at all events with the greatest rapidity. The young girls cured did not return to Villepoint, they went back to their places and occupations in the world; some entered convents.

Since 1898 the cures among these patients from Villepoint have been less numerous. We have had only five or six in these last years. If these cures were the effect of suggestion why these variations? Why did not the same causes produce the same effects? It is always the same problem which presents itself and indicates that the programme of these cures has not been written by a human hand.¹

Here we may conclude. There is much more that might be said in criticism of these rationalistic presuppositions, and

¹ *L'Œuvre de Lourdes*, p. 263.

one ought to say something about the so-called pagan miracles of antiquity, which, though not accepted as credible by modern rationalists, are wont to be represented by them as supported by evidence at least as good as can be brought forward for any Christian miracles. One ought also to say something about the occurrences at the tomb of the Jansenist Deacon Paris in 1727, for which a miraculous character was claimed by some adherents of that party, and which were likewise utilized by Dr. Charcot in his *Foi qui guérit* as a set off to the miracles of Lourdes. But we must leave the consideration of these matters to another time, and meanwhile may refer those interested to Père Bonniot's *Le Miracle et ses Contrefaçons*, where the subject is treated at some length. For what we have said in these articles we will venture to claim that it has shown two things, (1) that the historical evidence for the continuance of miracles in the Catholic Church through all the periods of its existence is very strong indeed and needs to be seriously weighed by those who love the truth; (2) that the presuppositions on the strength of which that evidence is wont to be set aside by rationalistic writers as unworthy even of investigation, are themselves unsupported by any serious evidence.

S. F. S.

PROCESSIONAL

SEE how the plated gates unfold,
How swing the creaking doors of brass!
With drums and gleaming arms, behold
Christ's regal cohorts pass!

What warriors girded for His wars?
What captains mighty in the field?
What names resounding to the stars?
What sword and burnished shield?

Shall Christ not have His chosen men,
Nor lead His crested knights so tall,
Superb upon their horses, when
The world's last cities fall?

Ah no! These few, the maimed, the dumb,
The saints of every lazar's den,
The earth's offscourings—they come
From desert and from fen

To break the terror of the night,
Black dreams and dreadful mysteries,
And proud, lost empires in their might,
And chains and tyrannies.

There ride no gold-encinctured kings
Against the potentates of earth;
God chooses all the weakest things,
And gives Himself in birth

With beaten slaves to draw His breath,
And sleeps with foxes on the moor,
With malefactors shares His death,
Tattered and worn and poor.

See how the plated gates unfold,
How swing the creaking doors of brass!
Victorious in defeat—behold
Christ and His cohorts pass!

THEODORE MAYNARD.

WARWICK ROAD

WHEN my mother first came, as a bride, to live at Kingshurst, it was too small to be dull. Not a single house of any description spoilt the view over the most luscious of English meadows which lay round the old house in Warwick Road.

However, by the time I came into the world—in the best bedroom—some enterprising builder had changed all that. With almost indecent speed, a number of the ugliest and dullest of Victorian “villas” sprang into existence on the opposite side of the road.

They were “semi-detached”—that is to say, built in pairs, these terrible specimens of domestic architecture, and each pair was of uniform size and pattern, and was separated from the next pair by a narrow passage, leading to the “tradesmen’s entrance.” Each house had a long, narrow strip of garden behind, where hollyhocks, and chicken-runs, and Monday morning washing shared the space. In front of the combined building was a tiny strip of lawn, bisected by a slender iron rail, whilst a stouter one fenced a border of geraniums, or some other “cheerful” flower from the road. All the houses were painted the same drab colour, and each had a bow window below, and two long, narrow windows above, all three kept perpetually closed, and provided with stiffly-starched Nottingham “lace” curtains, pulled well over the whole of the glass, except a very modest V in the middle, which was filled in with a very sickly fern to make a “blind.” Still further to guard against any unwholesome excess of sunshine each house had a plaster porch, like a hood, over the front door, and on it was written the name of the house—“Ambleside,” or “Waverley,” or “Beaufort,” as the case might be.

And in these drab-coloured “villas” the dullest people spent their monotonous, narrow little lives . . .

And yet how everlastingly interesting these were to me—and are still for that matter, for I never open the Kingshurst weekly paper, which follows me so faithfully over Europe, without searching eagerly for their names. I grieve at their deaths, speculate gravely how their widows are left, rejoice at the marriages of their children, and at the subsequent births

and baptisms. . . . It all seems more vital, for the moment, than various world-happenings that agitate nations. I remember them all, and everything about them.

A Mr. Jabez Strange lived at the first house—"Ulverscroft"—when we were children. We used to hear Nurse telling her friends that he had been to prison. When we asked her what he had done, she always said we should not understand, and so gradually we came to believe he was a murderer. I remember how we used to run away when we saw him coming from the station every evening (he was "something in the City," and went to London every morning by the eight-fourteen) with his little black bag. Somehow we always connected the bag with the crime, and we were afraid lest he should touch us with it, as we passed him.

We spent delicious hours imagining the circumstances of the bloody deed—an expression we had learnt from cook, who was fond of reading aloud from the newspaper, over a cup of strong tea in the kitchen, after dinner. From the nursery windows, or the garden, it was easy, especially in hot weather, when cook threw up the kitchen window to have a "mouthful of fresh air," to hear every word she said, until Nurse, suddenly breaking in, came to fetch us to be dressed for the afternoon walk.

We generally met Mr. Jabez Strange on the way home, and held hands tightly while we avoided the bag. However, one day when we were older, and were going to be taken to Mme. Tussaud, and even (according to the morbid custom of the day) to the Chamber of Horrors, we asked Nurse if we should see Mr. Strange, and then it was we learnt—almost with disgust!—that he was not a murderer, but had been in prison for "embezzlement," which meant "something about money." We thought it very disappointing indeed.

"Chatsworth," next door, has more cheerful memories. Mr. Landon, the linen-draper in the High Street, bought it when he married his wife, a very pretty woman, with "a tidy bit o' money put by."

In early days the Landons were what cook called "too big for their boots." Mrs. Landon dressed well, and kept two maids to do the work while she went out and enjoyed herself. But time went on, and brought three children, and many changes. The first child had a marvellous trousseau, a nurse in uniform, and —later—Liberty frocks and bonnets. Her name was Mélisande.

The second child, a boy, was named Kenneth, and when he came, one of the servants left, and a little girl, who was said to be "soft-like in the head, but quite harmless," was employed for a shilling a week and her dinner to wheel him up and down the sunny side of the road. The third child, called John, was wheeled out by Mélisande—then a "great girl" of nine—while mother cooked the dinner.

Mr. Wells knows what he is talking about! Mr. Landon, like the immortal "Mr. Polly," found the retail drapery an excellent method of throwing good money after bad.

"Ambleside," the next house, was distinguished from the rest, because its curtains were by no means of the Nottingham variety, and were drawn well back from the windows so that anyone who cared to do so could stand in the road and watch the doctor and his wife eating their late dinner at seven o'clock in the evening. The doctor no longer practised, but lived in retirement and very genteel poverty. If he had not been a doctor his wife would have taken in lodgers to keep the pot boiling. As it was, she received "paying guests," young men who generally went up to town by the eight-fourteen in the morning, returning in time for late dinner. One of them, a gentleman of good family and independent means, enlivened the road one morning by being found dead in his bath (four of the Warwick Road houses have baths). After that baths—never very popular amongst the neighbours—fell into disrepute. Mrs. Stock, at "Beaufort," whose youngest son *would* have one every morning, went in fear and trembling lest he should not come out alive, and cancelled her order for yellow flowers in her new bonnet, in favour of black ones, because you "never knew what might happen." Even after reading a report of the inquest, from which it appeared that the unfortunate young man had fallen in a fit into an empty bath, which he was not in the habit of using, the old lady held to her opinion. Baths—you could take her word for it—were not only unnecessary, but highly dangerous.

Mrs. Stock had a Brussels carpet in her front room, which she once told my mother had been laid down "three years before my poor husband took to his bed, thirty-two years come Michaelmas." Her chief daily occupation was the careful adjustment of her green venetian blinds, so that the sun did not fade the carpet. And while she was thus busy she would speak, more in sorrow than in anger, of the inferior

carpets one bought nowadays. For the rest, Mrs. Stock was hale and hearty and "enjoyed good wholesome food and no knick-knacks." She scarcely ever went out, but enjoyed life very quietly behind her green blinds and closed windows. She read a great deal—old books, of course, the new ones were such trash!—and had great faith in Old Moore, taking a keen pleasure in knowing what was going to happen to the Sovereigns of Europe before they dreamed of it themselves.

On hearing of an attempt to murder the Tsar of Russia, she would remark quietly, with a significant smile, much more convincing than her mournful shake of the head:

"Ah! I am not altogether surprised. Old Moore is never far wrong. 'Russia,' he said, 'will experience difficulties early in the year, but later the clouds will lighten.' Which means, of course, my dear, the Tsar would escape—and you see he has."

At "St. Michael's Cot," next door, they scorned such superstitions, being "Anglo-Catholics," with much to say about the Apostolic Succession, and "the outposts of the Italian mission" meaning the Franciscan Friary of next door—of which more presently.

Besides being High Church, and having little books published by Mowbray on Anglican Orders, lying on the table by the wax-flowers and wool mats, in the drawing-room, Mr. Wills was an Insurance Agent, a churchwarden, a Primrose Leaguer, and the father of six little girls with long flaxen plaits, weak spines, and blue spectacles. Many doctor's bills drained the little man's purse, but he was always cheerful and willing to oblige. His wife, too, "bore up," but in a different manner, and so persistently, that few people could undergo five minutes of her conversation without feeling depressed the whole day afterwards. She was a godly woman, easily persuaded that the world—especially at Kingshurst, and particularly in the neighbourhood of the Warwick Road—was very evil. The little girls were *laides à faire coucher le soleil*, as our French governess used to say, but ever so good and (consequently) happy. Cook invariably referred to them briefly, and quite kindly, as "they poor toads." From time to time Mrs. Wills kept a small servant, but the appetites of the creatures were so disgracefully large, and their knowledge of house-craft so small, that they rarely stayed longer than the month.

"St. Michael's Cot" was joined to "Chickweed Villa,"

the residence of Mr. Robinson, a retired grocer. He was supposed to be very comfortably off and was a mild-looking old person with white side-whiskers, china-blue eyes, pink cheeks, and a guileless expression. People thought he looked so amiable when they saw him watering his geraniums in the front garden on summer evenings that they often stayed for a chat. It was only after his death that we discovered he was a cruel, tyrannical parent. He had an only daughter, a poor creature who looked nearly as old as he did, and wore blue glasses, antiquated black garments, and a respirator. She used to wander up and down the road in an aimless fashion, muffled to the eyes in a shawl, and speaking to no one. Suddenly her father died, and to our amazement, Miss Robinson married a very good-looking clerk in the wine-merchant's office. When we saw her for the first time after her wedding, dressed in white, and without a respirator, or a shawl, and with ordinary eye-glasses instead of the blue goggles, we thought some fairy out of our nursery tales must have waved his wand over her. It appeared that Miss Robinson and the young clerk had loved each other devotedly for twelve years, but her father had separated them, because his daughter made him so comfortable at home, and because she was cheaper than a servant.

"Chickweed Villa" was the last of what I may call the first series of villas, for between it and the next pair there used to be an open space which came immediately opposite our gates. This piece of ground my father had bought for the special purpose of preventing anyone from building on it, and he frequently remarked that not all the gold in Egypt would tempt him to sell it. However, after his death, my mother's trustees, who, not living in our house, did not realize the value of an open space before it, sold the land to a stranger from London, who offered a very fair price for it, for building purposes. Imagine their feelings when they learnt—too late—that a Franciscan Friary and Church were to be erected! My mother never recovered from the blow, and always closed her eyes when she saw one of the friars going in or out.

The Franciscans—before whose shaven crowns, brown habits, swinging girdles, and sandalled feet, we children used to scamper as if they were incarnations of the Evil One himself—were, at any rate, exceptions to the rule of dullness which reigned in Warwick Road. They might be called

heathens (by Mr. Robinson), or Romans (by Mrs. Wills), or mental degenerates (by the doctor), but at least they were not dull, for dullness goes with a certain contentment and mediocrity. Even in Warwick Road no one made the mistake of calling the Franciscans dull. Most of us thought them desperately wicked, and therefore extremely interesting. Later we discovered that they were quite inoffensive, and a number of the neighbours took to going to Benediction, which ended, of course, as everyone warned them, by their becoming Papists.

The first person to discover that the Franciscans were not such terrible people after all was their next-door neighbour, who lived at "Waverley," the first of the second series of villas. He was an ironmonger, a stout, hearty man with a handsome wife and no family. He was also (as he frequently informed his friends in such a loud voice that we children could hear every word as we were skipping, or blowing soap-bubbles in the garden) broad-minded to such an extent that he was able to see good in all religions, even Roman Catholicism.

"It's like this," he would say, leaning over his railings in his shirt-sleeves, a pipe in one hand and a pair of garden shears, with which he used to cut the lawn, in the other. "You and I go up to London, hey? Well, you take the eight-fourteen train, and I go by motor, and someone else, he goes by river. But we are all making for the same place, aren't we? That's the way I look at it. We each think our way is best, even these priests here—I'm talking about Heaven now, you understand, and"—here his voice grew throaty, and he sometimes looked upwards—"may we all get there, that's all I can say about it."

Before the Franciscans had been long in the road, Mr. Sadd went further. He approached the least foreign-looking of the friars as he passed one evening, and after letting him know how broad-minded he was, announced his intention of "dropping into service some evening." "Although I tell you candidly, I don't care for your incense, and your bowings and scrapings," he added, frankly.

The friar, who said his name was Father Wilfrid, laughed, and said he was sorry about the incense, because they always bought the best.

"I think I can explain the bowings," he added, simply, "but I must ask you to explain what scrapings are."

Somehow, for the life of him, Mr. Sadd couldn't explain, although it was the simplest thing in the world, and one of his chief objections to the Roman Catholic Church.

The friar laughed at his confusion, and held out his hand.

"Come in one evening, and have a smoke, and we'll talk it over," he said.

When Mr. Sadd, rather excited, and not altogether displeased, went indoors, like a dutiful husband, to tell Mrs. S., she looked both grave and indignant, and said she could guarantee the friars were not only Franciscans, but Jesuits into the bargain. (We took a great interest in Jesuits in the Warwick Road, and knew a lot about them too, from reading Mr. Hocking's powerful novels.)

"Tell them you're an Englishman, and your father before you, and you want nothing to do with Papists," she commanded.

However, such was the fascination of the friars, her husband disobeyed her, probably for the first time since they became man and wife, and who knows how long before?

We all foresaw the result, of course. In less than six months he was a full-fledged Papist, and a year later—Mrs. Stock said it was a "judgment" on him—he died.

At "Revelstoke," next door, lived the district nurse, a tiny, dark woman, very quick and bright, like a bird. We used to go to her house sometimes with Nurse, to take old linen or custard puddings for her poor. Her front parlour was very bright, and had the most encouraging texts hung on the walls. Over the fire-place was written:

The inner side of every cloud
Is bright and shining.
I therefore turn my clouds about
And always wear them inside out
To show the lining.

Poor Nurse Edwardes! We were all very fond of her. She used to tell us how, when she was too old to earn her yearly salary of forty pounds, she should retire on the tiny income she inherited from her mother. We were all terribly shocked to hear one summer, when we came home after a month at the sea, that she had died after an operation.

"Grasmere" was the next house, and Mr. Andrewes, a solicitor's clerk, lived there with his wife and daughter Sheila. He was one of those Highland Scotsmen who speak such nervous, broken English, that one longs to give them a rest,

and beg them to speak in their native Gaelic, if only one could understand it! He was small, grey, and fussy, like a wire-haired terrier. His wife, a Suffolk woman, with a most exasperating drawl, was thick-set, and had a heavy, white face, a skin like vellum, very prominent blue eyes, and a fringe tightly curled over a high forehead. I can see her now, in a brown costume, a shot-silk blouse, with a stiff collar fastened with a heavy gold brooch set with pearls, and a gold chain, with a large gold locket, round her neck. Looking at her, we were amazed that he should have married her. On the other hand, looking at him, one was equally amazed that she should have married him. I suppose they both knew why!

They had one child who served as a link between them, but when she died they seemed to fall definitely apart, and the wife, placid as she seemed, lost no opportunity of speaking ill of her husband.

Yet, later on, when Mr. Andrewes, who was passionately fond of his poor little daughter, fell ill himself, his wife made the room noisy with her laments, and declared that she would never survive his loss.

The test was never made, for he got better, and went about again, as fussily as ever. Somehow, in spite of his wife's tales, everyone respected and liked him, except, perhaps, Nurse, who often remarked sagely, that "you never did know the men till you lived with 'em."

Such was Warwick Road in my recollection. How many thousands of such roads, devised by that soulless materialist, the speculative builder, there are in the various suburbias of our cities!

EDITH COWELL.

"THE DOCTRINE OF THE GREAT HOUR"

THE phrase is Mr. Chesterton's, and is used by him to express one of the chief elements in the philosophy of Browning.¹ It is a magnificent theme, if rightly understood. The man who has the choice of doing a noble act and lets it slip away from him is contemptible, whilst the one who lays hold upon a great opportunity of the sort is counted heroic.

All this is perfectly clear so long as the act done lies within the bounds of accepted morality. But nowadays the landmarks of accepted morality are being shifted, and consequently new views are beginning to prevail on "the doctrine of the great hour." An idea has been gaining ground that a strong deed is great, even if it goes beyond the bounds of traditional convention. Nay, the very fact that it goes beyond convention is taken to be a sign of its inherent strength and greatness.

The influence of the idea may be noticed in art, in literature, in politics, in social life, in religion. The unconventional ugliness of post-impressionist painting and sculpture is taken to be a proof of the elemental power of the artist. The strident discords of Schonberg are offered as a challenge to the whole history of music, boasting indeed of the discovery of a new world. The sordid descriptions of Gorki and Strindberg are reckoned as high-class literature because they depict powerfully human passion in its meanest aspects.

There can be no doubt that this literature reflects a phase of the life of our time. Nor can there be any doubt that it also tends to foster that life. Touching upon the sphere of love and marriage, it touches the very foundation of society. And this is where it reaches its chief subtlety and danger.

¹ "But there always remained upon him something which was felt by all who knew him in after years—the spirit of a man who had been ready when his time came, and had walked in his own devotion and certainty in a position counted indefensible and almost along the brink of murder. This great moral of Browning, which may be called roughly the doctrine of the great hour, enters of course into many poems besides *The Ring and the Book*, and is indeed the mainspring of a great part of his poetry, taken as a whole. It is, of course, the central idea of that fine poem *The Statue and the Bust*, which has given a great deal of distress to a great many people because of its supposed invasion of recognized morality." *Robert Browning*. By G. K. Chesterton, p. 109.

A strong and legitimate sex-love is one of the most admirable things in the world, whilst an illegitimate one is of the most disastrous. The corruption of the best produces the worst. And yet we are boldly asked whether a strong affection is not its own justification. Why should a passion so intense and so overpowering be spoiled by the petty conventions of society? Have we not heard of the happy life of George Eliot and G. H. Lewes? Had they not learnt the doctrine of the great hour?

No one, however, leaps to these extreme cases directly. The way is prepared by cases which are more plausible and which lie on the borderland of conventionality and revolt.

It is in the poetry of Browning, I think, where this transit across the border is effected most insidiously. Different degrees of the doctrine of the great hour, as Mr. Chesterton suggests, are expressed in the poems *Youth and Art*, *The Ring and the Book*, and *The Statue and the Bust*. In all these too may be discerned an apology for the poet's own life. He evidently felt that his elopement with Elizabeth Barrett was his own great hour. In all else his life had been conventionality itself. In this, what was to him a tremendous act, there was no intrusion upon the marriage rights of another. He had merely fallen in love with a girl who was a confirmed invalid. According to the judgment of her parents, and indeed of society in general, marriage with such a girl was entirely out of question. To use a certain amount of deception, to get her out of the house and into the church, and to carry her off to Italy, this was the great deed which Browning felt himself called upon to justify.

In *Youth and Art* the story is told of a successful singer and a successful sculptor. When they were young and unknown they failed to understand each other. Eventually the singer married a rich old lord, whilst the sculptor became a knight and an R.A. Hence the poet concludes:

Each life unfulfilled, you see;
It hangs still, patchy and scrappy;
We have not sighed deep, laughed free,
Starved, feasted, despaired, been happy.

And nobody calls you a dunce,
And people suppose me clever:
This could but have happened once,
And we missed it, and lost it for ever.

In the above poem, however, there is nothing but the

positive part of the theme—we ought to seize upon the great hour. There is no circumstance about it which changes the essential nature of the act, no outrage either upon convention or law. It is merely the story of a lost opportunity.

In *The Ring and the Book* the poet draws nearer to his own actual experience. He sees Caponsacchi in the same difficulty as he imagined himself to have been. He considered that Caponsacchi had chosen the better part in preferring something at the same time questionable and unselfish to something honourable and selfish. He thought that the very dangers of these questionable and unselfish acts were sufficient to keep men from undertaking them rashly. The terror of going out into the darkness alone to break a law, compared with the comfort of staying at home to keep a law, was quite sufficient to prohibit a man from entering upon such a venture without an adequate reason. In reality Browning had committed no moral fault. Elizabeth Barrett was of full age. But he thought he had. To take away an invalid under such circumstances needed apology in the eyes of a harsh-judging public.

In *The Statue and the Bust*, Browning formally states his extreme proposition. Not only may a strong impulse be indulged, but a crime is as good a test as anything else as to whether one has the courage or not to seize upon the great hour.

There is something more than an elopement in question: it is an elopement with somebody else's bride. The Great Duke Ferdinand falls in love with the bride of one of the Riccardi. The bridegroom has reason to suspect his bride, and consequently condemns her to remain in the palace for the rest of her life. She pretends to acquiesce, but secretly resolves to fly to the Duke.

'Tis only the coat of a page to borrow
And tie my hair in a horse-boy's trim,
And I save my soul—but not to-morrow—

So also the Duke makes his resolve:

Dear or cheap
As the cost of this cup of bliss may prove
To body and soul, I will drain it deep.

But, like the lady, so the gallant lord found reason for postponing the day. Doubtless the reasons seemed forcible enough, but, either consciously or subconsciously, the weight

of eternal law pressed heavily on their consciences. The consequences of breaking were very serious. Hence the step is put off.

Yet my passion must wait a night, nor cool—
For to-night the Envoy arrives from France
Whose heart I unlock with thyself, my tool.

Day after day passes, the lovers each time renewing their vows to each other, yet nevertheless each day finding excuse for delaying their flight. The days grow into weeks, the weeks into months, the months into years. And with the passing of the years there passes away also youth's ardour and desire. The lovers never took their opportunity. They died waiting for each other. They did not have virtue enough to commit a crime—this is what the poet's complaint amounts to. Or, as Chesterton says, "His case against the dilatory couple is not in the least affected by the viciousness of their aim. His case is that they exhibited no virtue. Crime was frustrated in them by cowardice, which is probably the worse immorality of the two."¹

Now it is quite possible, speaking philosophically, to admire one aspect of an act and at the same time condemn another aspect of it. I may admire the ingenuity with which a thief opens a safe, but I am bound to condemn an act of theft. A concrete action has to be judged as a whole, and after taking all circumstances into consideration. And it is the moral aspect of an act which calls for a moral judgment concerning it. If the act is a violation of the unchanging and unchangeable moral law, then its magnitude only serves to increase its culpability. Fine workmanship spent in producing a hideous or immoral picture is nevertheless fine workmanship. But the picture is nevertheless hideous or immoral.

Let us hasten to admit, however, that there is a class of laws and conventions which do admit of a departure from the strict letter in extraordinary circumstances. They are the laws which are covered by the principle of equity.

It is not possible for a human ruler to foresee all the possible cases which his law is meant to reach. Human acts vary so infinitely. Consequently human laws are made to suit the majority of cases. Then, when a particular case arises where the enforcement of the law would seem to be unjust or contrary to the common good, the principle of equity is applied. Thus the general law of the country requires

¹ *Robert Browning*. By G. K. Chesterton.

that every man shall pay his debts. But if a workman, in order to pay his debts, is obliged to sell his tools, then, on the principle of equity, his country excuses him. There would be no proportion between a man depriving himself of his means of earning a living and satisfying the demands of a creditor. Besides, the crippling of the workman would be contrary to the common good.

Such cases are of every day occurrence and consequently we see no difficulty in admitting them. But when an isolated instance occurs in which the letter of the law is more usually upheld, then graver reasons are required for departure from the law. And judgment concerning these reasons must sometimes partake rather of the nature of a venture.

For instance, in the regulations of British warfare, it is a court-martial offence for a soldier to leave the firing-line without orders, even to carry a wounded comrade to the rest-trenches. If this were allowed as a custom any man who felt like running away could easily find an excuse, and an important position might easily be lost. Each soldier carries first-aid appliances in his left-hand pocket, and if his friend wants to help him to attend to his wounds he must do so on the spot. Yet, as a matter of fact, the Victoria Cross has several times been awarded for acts by which this regulation has been violated. In these cases the daring soldier used his judgment, intuitionally no doubt, and decided that if only the supreme military authorities could see the given situation, they would wish him to act against the letter of the regulations. By carrying out his deed successfully, he saves, let us say, a colonel, a man very important to the regiment. It is only his success, however, which proves that he has a correct knowledge of the critical position in which he finds himself, and that his judgment is right regarding the mind of the law-giver. If, on the contrary, the rescued man were of less importance, so that the absence of the rescuer from the firing-line led to some disaster to the corps, then this would be a proof that the man had at least committed an error of judgment, if not something worse. His action might be condoned; but his failure would render him more liable to punishment for breach of regulations.

This was something like Browning's position in respect of his marriage with Elizabeth Barrett. He knew that there were certain risks attendant on the running away of a person in such bad health. Yet he knew that her parents had

exaggerated her illness, and that it would be well to get her out of an invalid atmosphere. He felt that he might prudently take the risks. He knew that if he did so successfully, everybody would applaud the action. On the other hand, he knew equally well that if his wife should die on the journey out, everybody would condemn him. Nay, he would be the first to condemn himself.

There is a widespread impression that such acts are illegal, but that occasionally their success justifies them. In this way Mr. Chesterton seeks to apologize for Browning's elopement:

The conscientiousness of the law-abider [he says] is nothing in its terrors to the conscientiousness of the conscientious law-breaker. Browning had once, for what he seriously believed to be a greater good, done what he himself would never have had the cant to deny ought to be called deceit and evasion. Such a thing ought never to come to a man twice. If he finds that necessity twice, he may, I think, be looked at with the beginning of a suspicion. To Browning it came once, and he devoted his greatest poem to a suggestion of how such a necessity may come to any man who is worthy to live. As has already been suggested, any apparent danger that there may be in this excusing of an exceptional act is counteracted by the perils of the act, since it must always be remembered that this kind of act has the immense difference from all legal acts—that it can only be justified by success.¹

Such, however, is a wrong understanding of the situation. No amount of success can make good that which is bad. It is not success which justifies an exceptional illegal act. It is a well-known principle of jurisprudence, known as *epikeia*, which enables a man to interpret the mind of the legislator. And the success of the action is a mere sign or symptom that he has understood the details of the situation.

Hence, for the seizing upon the great hour, there is not only courage required, but also knowledge and wisdom.

Now if such knowledge and wisdom is needed for interpreting the mind of the law-giver, what shall we say of those laws and situations in which the mind of the law-giver is perfectly clear, or in which the law-giver has given us an official interpreter of his mind to whom we have ready access?

There are indeed some laws which, of their very nature, do not allow of any individual departure from them. These

¹ *Robert Browning.* By G. K. Chesterton.

are the primary laws which have God for their author. They are a reflex of the divine mind, and as such they are absolutely unchangeable, for the divine mind is unchangeable. Belonging to the nature of things their application can never vary; they always bind: no circumstances can justify their abrogation. God Himself cannot dispense in them. It could never, for instance, be lawful to blaspheme. Not even Almighty God could give permission to a person to blaspheme. It would be a contradiction of Himself and of His Essence which is Goodness.

There are, however, some secondary precepts of the law of nature, in which God, and God alone, can grant a dispensation. The case of polygamy comes within this category. God, we may suppose, did not enlighten the patriarchs as to the whole original doctrine of marriage. They acted blamelessly, according to the ethical development of their age. And the divine toleration of the practice did not destroy the chief end of matrimony. The subsidiary end, namely mutual love and the restriction of concupiscence, was set aside for the sake of the primary end, namely, the necessary multiplication of the offspring. As soon as this was assured the monogamous ideal was restored.

In the present state of society there is obviously no need for such an economy. And if the Church is to be taken as the living interpreter of the divine mind, then the law is inexorable—the bond of marriage is absolutely one and indissoluble.

It is generally with regard to this secondary precept that notorious rebels think they find some justification for rebellion. Invariably, however, they count the secondary end of marriage as primary, and the primary as secondary. They put the mutual love before the well-being of the offspring, and they place the well-being of the individual before the well-being of the race. If these perverse principles were admitted then we should have to allow almost everybody to dispense himself from the divine law. For there can be no doubt that for certain individuals, *and under certain isolated aspects*, divorce and re-marriage might possibly be good.

But man is a social being, a member of a highly organized society. He derives untold benefits from that society, and consequently he in turn ought to contribute to its well-being. At any rate he should do nothing which would tend to its overthrow. But since marriage, together with its quali-

ties of unity and perpetuity, is the very means by which society is held together as an organism, divorce and all sins against the marriage bond are directly subversive of society.

Such being the fundamental nature of marriage, an intrusion upon its sanctity can never possibly be considered praiseworthy. A human act is noble not only when it is big, but when it is illumined by the light of reason and the divine Purpose.

It is the human will which so acts and which so gives rise to the noble actions of a man. It is not passion. It is not emotion. It is not animal impulse of any kind which makes a man great. Of course these things can contribute to his greatness, but only in so far as they are controlled by a rightly informed will. The reason why men wish to keep their strongest passions secret is because of the difficulty of keeping them under complete control. When a man has once allowed a passion to get the better of him, whether it be the passion for drink, food, gold or sex, he feels himself less a man, and is ashamed. By every natural instinct a man feels that his highest faculty is his reasonable will.

When, therefore, a man departs from a universal law, and does so in obedience to a strong passion, he may be putting forth *some* strength of will. But it is not the greatest and noblest strength of will. It may be a sign of will-power to fight against the conventions of society and to expose one's self to social ostracism. Superficially there may seem to be in such an action a certain independence of mind. But if we probe a little deeper we shall find that the mind, far from being independent, is enslaved to a lower faculty. The motive behind such will-power is the pleasure of the moment, not the happiness of eternal value.

The action, however, which has lower pleasure for its motive can scarcely be called virtue. Virtue is essentially a quality of manhood. It is the very quality by which we resist our lower animal impulses. We misuse the word when we apply it to that yielding to lower instincts, even though such yielding involves a struggle against certain conventionalities. This was the capital mistake of Browning when he wrote:

Oh, a crime will do
As well, I reply, to serve for a test,
As a virtue golden through and through,
Sufficient to vindicate itself
And prove its worth at a moment's view!

Nor was he any happier in his challenge:

You of the virtue, (we issue join)
How strive you?

The fact is that he was aiming at a truth which he could not see clearly. History shows that the greatest sinners often become the greatest saints. Witness St. Paul and St. Augustine. They possessed strong wills and strong passions, though before their conversion they did not keep these faculties in due order. They could always produce big results. But not until due order had been attained, not until the reason had been informed by the divine will, and not until the passions had been reduced to control by the reasonable will, could the results be said to be praiseworthy. It is the very possession of the choice, and the exercise of it in the direction of good which formally makes the great man—"he that could have transgressed and hath not transgressed; and could do evil things and hath not done them."

Thus the doctrine of the great hour needs a complement. This may be called the doctrine of attainment through renunciation. He alone has entered into the great hour who has sacrificed every passing joy of this life which has seemed to stand in the way of the enduring joy of everlasting life. He alone has attained his great hour who has subordinated every human desire and influence to the unchanging and eternal law of God's will.

Amongst modern artists Wagner seems to have striven most to give dramatic expression to this idea. The germ of it runs through no less than eleven of his music-dramas. In the last—*Parsifal*—he endeavours to give it its Christian setting. Parsifal is tempted by Kundry. She appeals first to his tenderness, then to his passion, then to his pity, and at last to his pride. His renunciation transforms him from a boy into a man. He turns to her with a solemn warning—to yield for one instant would be to plunge them both into endless perdition. It is to the Precious Blood, the Holy Grail, that they must betake themselves for deliverance unto a higher plane of life. There shall be separation now, but in the kingdom of the Holy Grail there shall be re-union. A superhuman melody is heard amidst the poignant farewells and yearnings, the melody of the Good Friday spell. All nature is overflowing with thankfulness for man's redemption, for although a life has been renounced, a life has been

attained. The melody of the Holy Grail now finds a companion melody—it intertwines itself with the melody of the Love-Feast. The Spirit of Love descends as a dove on Parsifal, and at that moment the soul of Kundry passes to its eternal rest. The melody of the Love-Feast surges again and again, but ever in its train there follows the melody of the Holy Grail. Love is always attended by suffering. Renunciation even unto death is the condition of attainment to highest and intensest love.

The law, therefore, holds good in every branch of life, in art, in music, in politics, in literature, in economics, and in love. The highest life can only be possessed by sacrificing the lower. And the higher life is that which is declared to be such by God in the enactment of laws for its promotion. If you wish to live out your life in breaking these laws, you will only lose it. But if you choose to lose your life for the sake of keeping it, you will surely find it.

THOMAS J. GERRARD.

THE LATEST PORTENT OF ANGLICANISM

THE Society of SS. Peter and Paul is the latest portent of Anglicanism. We trust we shall not be thought unsympathetic towards it if we advise Catholic onlookers to attach less importance to it than either the amount or the remarkable character of its output at first sight invites—less importance by far than has been attributed to it by some of our Catholic writers. Certainly it challenges attention in more than one aspect. Firstly for its frank "Romanism." It issues, apart from its separate publications, six series of small devotional books. Of these, two are simple reprints, carefully *not* expurgated, from Catholic sources—the *Sarum Books of Old Devotions*, published at sixpence each, taken mostly from the *Paradisus Animae*, and the *St. Alban's Books of Meditation*, which are reprints from Bishop Challoner, published at a penny each. We welcome warmly such books, beautifully produced as they are, at so low a price. Of the other series, the *Southwark Books* and the *Canterbury Books*, at threepence and one penny respectively, are compilations which we owe to the Society itself. In the latter we have, to take but one instance, a "little Book for Exposition" called *Emmanuel*, which is entirely in line with, and quite as good as our own similar booklets; in the former we have a "Server's Missal," very careful and perhaps even a little overladen in its details, based on the now time-honoured principle of manipulating the rite of the Book of Common Prayer into as much conformity as possible with that of the Roman Missal. Other books in all the various series (and there are already more than fifty) proceed on precisely similar lines. Their sum may be seen in No. 3 of the *Canterbury Books*—*Let us Pray*, a simple Prayer Book for Lay Folks—which is so close an imitation of our own C.T.S. publication (Benediction and Indulgences included) that we understand some remonstrance became necessary on grounds of copyright, though happily the "diplomatic conversations" ended, we believe, quite amicably.

So much for the "Romanism" of the Society. Its next challenging feature may perhaps be described, from the point

of view of State Anglicanism, as its amazing impudence—a description which we are confident the Society will accept as a tribute and a compliment. For this Society, which publishes penny Exposition books, and,—in such a tract as the *York Book, No. XI. "Serving better to Godliness"*—heaps every kind of scorn upon the theory of a married clergy and upon the practical exposition of that theory in the Established Church; this Society describes itself as "Publishers to the Church of England." Certainly it produces a few centrally-Anglican works, such as its singularly beautiful *Westminster Books*—reprints of the Prayer-book rites for Baptism and Confirmation, and the Prayer-book Catechism—and even has one little publication, *The Red Cross Prayer Book*, which is of such a kind as to have merited the commendation of two Diocesan Bishops. We wonder, by the way, whether it is a mere coincidence that of all the different series, the one most calculated with diabolical ingenuity to make an Anglican Archbishop writhe, is entitled *Canterbury*, while the purely Prayer-book one is named after "Westminster." If it were done on purpose, it would be admirably characteristic, in its irony or paradox, either of the Society's methods or of those of the talented author of *Absolute and Abitofhell*. The Society further challenges attention in its directly controversial literature, though this is so far—and, we imagine, of set purpose—small in comparison with its constructive work. The "Continuity Tracts" in the "York Books" series consist of modern pieces, such as *Between two extremes*, devoted to the too easy task of ridiculing and riddling the conception of the Book of Common Prayer as a rule of Faith and practice, or Mr. Knox's *Mary in the XXXIX Articles*, or the *Godliness* tract to which we have referred; and of reprints of old Anglican documents produced since the schism, like the *Instruction on the Manner of hearing Mass* of John Hilsley, Bishop of Rochester. There is nothing new in this last controversial expedient. It was tried some twenty years ago when Mr. E. T. Walker, of St. Peter's, London Docks, reprinted Henry VIII.'s *King's Book*. The object is simply to diffuse an atmosphere of "continuity" over the days of disruption. Nothing is easier and nothing less real. The whole bubble is burst directly the real history of the *King's Book*, or the real record of people like Hilsley is set down. In one of these tracts great play is made with the journalist who, when news was short, filled up his column with an article

entitled, "Ominous Silence from Bulgaria." To our mind the outstanding fact in the Society's controversial literature—that Society being what it is and standing for what it does stand for—is its *Ominous Silence about Rome*.

That silence we firmly believe to be ominous of good. To our reading of the psychology of High Anglicanism, fortified by a pretty thorough personal experience, it indicates a position far further on the road than the largely theoretical pro-Romanism of Mr. Spencer Jones and the Society of St. Thomas of Canterbury. People of this last school will talk without end about the claims of the Holy See on the attention of Anglicans. Mr. Spencer Jones began fifteen years ago, and Lord Halifax has been doing so for many years longer; but all the same, Anglicans they were and Anglicans they remain. Persons of the type of Mr. Knox go much further—they act. They practice and they propagate ordinary, everyday Catholic doctrine and devotion, the more modern the better, and only one result follows. The present writer speaks of what he knows. For some years he was in the midst of a precisely similar movement, and he has followed others from outside before and since. They have one origin, one course, one end. They have a short life and an exciting one. They begin in a feeling that Anglicanism as a working system has not the root of the matter. They proceed, their members being mostly "young men in a hurry," to swallow rapidly, and on quite empirical principles, everything they can that belongs to the rival and stronger system. They then come up against the Rock of Peter, and the movement, since it has no reasoned basis in any one of the many varying theories that support the different types of convinced Anglicanism, smashes. Its leaders go one of two ways—either, having sown their wild oats, they take a country living, marry, and settle down into respectable and legitimate Anglicanism, as High as you like, but definitely Anglican. Or they get the Faith. So it was with the men who wrote the *English Lives of the Saints* in the forties, and so it has been ever since. Of the present writer's clerical acquaintances in such a movement of fifteen years ago, all save one are now either Catholics, mostly priests, or real Anglicans, mostly sharing their joys and sorrows with (to quote the Society of SS. Peter and Paul) "those functionaries who, whatever their private virtues and charms, have been officially forbidden to exist by the Universal Church of

the last fourteen centuries." The members of the Society of SS. Peter and Paul will, we trust, not take these remarks, suggested by their publications, amiss. We wish them nothing but good—a speedy shipwreck and a swift rescue in the life-boat of Peter. But we firmly decline either to congratulate them upon their wonderful "advance" in producing *Exposition Books* for use in the Anglican Establishment, or to argue with them as to whether the doctrine of the Immaculate Conception is or is not to be found in the XXXIX. Articles, and such-like nonsense. The present writer thought such an attitude rather unkind when adopted towards himself years ago by a former editor of THE MONTH, both privately and in these columns, but he felt thankful afterwards that the agony had not been prolonged, either by the buoying up of false hopes or by the prolonging of futile controversy. It is with entire goodwill, sincere sympathy and much hope that we now leave the matter at that.

But there is something to be said, as we began by saying, on the wider aspects of the question. A movement like this must not be taken at its face value. Catholic observers must not be buoyed up with false hopes, nor need Anglican dignitaries torment themselves with vain fears. We have just been jotting down a list of the various subsections of extreme Anglicanism of which we have had experience, each with its separate theory and practice. The number runs up to twenty-two, without counting anything that is "merely high-church." And of these subsections of one section of a sect, the position represented by the publications before us is but one. The very loudness of its challenge obtains for it a disproportionate amount of attention. It is a kind of Anglican futurism or cubism, and, especially when advertized with brilliant ability, inevitably attains a *succès de scandale*. In the past it has brought us individual Catholics of much piety and zeal, often of considerable brilliance and of wide reading, but hardly minds or judgments of the first class. Not by that path did a Newman come in, or a Bishop Brownlow or a Father Maturin. The really fine mind, it appears to us, the really penetrating judgment on its way to the Church, is held up elsewhere than among the unrealities of such a position as this, as may be seen from the striking book entitled *A Reported Change of Religion*, produced some twenty years back by a man of really first-class intellect, who happily submitted himself to the Church only a few weeks ago. One

is bound to recognize, even though the fact be personally humiliating, that all these vagaries on the fringe of Anglicanism are a small matter relatively to the wide issues. There is an Anglican argument and an Anglican ethos, both of them of a certain strength and not without a certain intellectual respectability; they are firmly implanted, not merely in Anglicanism as a whole, and in High Anglicanism more particularly, but in at least three-quarters of the "extreme" subsections. This Anglicanism shows a certain general trend away from the old Protestant position, but unfortunately it moves as fast away from the old moorings of dogmatic truth as it does from the old negations of Protestantism. This fact it is that Catholicism has to face, and the existence of a small alien element on the border is no help, whatever its worth in itself, and however gladly Catholicism welcomes for their own sakes the submission of its adherents. But the alien element is neither typical, nor in that main line of movement which chiefly demands the care and attention of Catholics. Such considerations may make it easier to understand certain things which original Catholics, and even converts who have passed through and out of them, find it difficult to view with patience. A plain disloyalty to one's own house, a degree of unreality in controversy hardly distinguishable from playing with the truth, an infusion of bitterness, cynicism, mockery into one's relations with one's own authorities, a jaunty confidence in one's own infallibility—such things in a normal environment would almost of necessity exclude any chance of good faith. But the position is not normal; it is one which positively involves psychological abnormality. The deep unrest—conscious or subconscious—seeking it knows not what or where, plays havoc with mind, nerves and temper alike; the real seems unreal and the unreal real, and everything turns bitter to the taste. One of the proofs of the abnormality lies in the fact that often these extremists happily turn into quite normal Catholics.

If anything here written gives pain, it has assuredly not been written with that end, nor, as the present writer once very unjustly accused *THE MONTH* of doing, to "point the finger of scorn." On the contrary, it has been written to tell our good friends what great things await them in quite a short time if they do not prove unfaithful to their lights. Also to assure Catholics, from some inside knowledge, that the whole business is a very small episode indeed in a very large affair.

H. S. DEAN.

CHARLES PÉGUY

Happy those who have died for their homes and their hearths,
And the humble honours of their paternal roofs.

Charles Péguy.

THE Abbé Klein, who is attached as Chaplain to the American Ambulance in France, has briefly described in the *Revue des Deux Mondes* the death of Charles Péguy on September 5th last. A regiment of the Army of Paris was helping to arrest the German advance near Meaux, only a day and a half's march from the Capital. The Captain and First Lieutenant having been killed, the Second Lieutenant ordered his men to lie down. He himself continued to stand and direct the fire until a ball struck him full on the forehead. So died Charles Péguy, one of the foremost literary men of his day in France. He was buried where he fell, and only one of his soldiers, and he wounded, survived to tell the tale. It was but one of the many episodes that went to make up the victory of the Marne. It was but one of the many lives devoted to the arts of peace, that have been gladly given in the defence of France.

Péguy was forty years old. He has left behind him a wife and three children, one strangely-moving volume, and a considerable mass of prose and verse. Yet possibly the most important part of his life-work will be found to consist in his extraordinary personal influence, and in the unflagging industry and tenacity with which he built up a high-class publishing firm and inaugurated a new era in French literature. He had never a spare halfpenny in his pocket, and yet he it was who introduced to the world Romain Rolland, Daniel Halévy, and other authors of mark—not to speak of himself. How he did it is a marvel. But then, as a *Times* literary critic said, "He made, as he always preached it should do, Spirit create Matter."

Charles Péguy was born a peasant on the banks of the Loire. His ancestors were vine-dressers of Orleans, and he was inordinately proud of them—of those vine-dressing ancestors of Saint-Jean-de-Braye, of Chécy, of Bon and of Mardry, of the women who washed clothes in the river, of the old grandmother who could neither read nor write and who

minded the cows. And nowhere is this just pride, this high sense of family dignity and worth, more nobly set forth than in his eloquent appeal to his friend Halèvy when their friendship was threatened with a rupture:

Mark well, Halèvy! My home is—was—the only peasant home open to you as to a brother, and not merely as to a guest. Still more, it was the only peasant home open to you. Will you shut it with your own hands? My home was the only peasant home where you were welcomed as though you too had been a peasant, without any reserve due to respect or hospitality, without a shadow of reserve. I do not now speak of friendship; friendship apart, I was thus for you the most valuable of experiences, a unique experience. That kind of rough cordiality we had for each other, heart to heart, so profoundly melancholy, so deeply rooted in melancholy, it was the only peasant intimacy you possessed. Are you going to run the risk of losing, are you going to lose, this unique experience? The sombre confidence we had in each other! Having travelled together a road so long, so sombre, are we going to separate now? Come, then! are we really going to separate? For all the length of road which still stretches before us, a road so sombre, are we—are our paths—going to separate for ever? The more our temperaments differ, the greater the dissimilarity of the circles in which we move, by so much the more are we precious *witnesses* one for the other. Am I going to look for a substitute for you? I confess that I have no inclination to do so, that I have not even the heart.

Péguy spoke as a man who knew that he had something of value to offer. By the time he penned those words, indeed, he had become a personality in France. From the communal school he had passed to college, from college to the University of Paris. He never travelled, his culture was purely Græco-Latin and French, but it was a fine and a true culture, illumined by the shrewd common-sense of one sprung from the people. Not long before his death he re-read all Homer and Virgil in the originals.

It was in 1899 that Péguy began to issue the *Cahiers de la Quinzaine*, after five years of the most careful preparation and apprenticeship. Romain Rolland's *Jean-Christophe* came out in this series, as did Péguy's own *Mystère de la Charité de Jeanne d'Arc*, and his unending poem of *Eve*, and several volumes of his beautiful prose. Almost immediately the volumes found their public—an elect and discriminating audience, who recognized that something sane, some-

thing great, something noble stirred in the pages of the new group of writers. Péguy discovered that he had, so to speak, founded a literary *foyer*, a friendship, a city, a little circle of finer spirits with whom he was in touch, and with whom he delighted to put writers of talent in touch. And all this was achieved by a man who did not possess a *sou*! It was wonderful and reassuring, but there was not much money in it for the publisher, and this he clearly recognized:

Amid this barbarism, this growing lack of culture, this disorder of minds and morals, this shipwreck of culture, it is certain that the better our *Cahiers*, the less success they will have with the public. For year by year the public is abandoning itself more and more to every vileness: to pornography not only of the coarsest and most vulgar kind (which would be the least dangerous, and almost natural in a certain sense), but to elegant, worldly, frivolous, and futile pornography, which is infinitely worse and more dangerous than obscenity itself. . . . Do not let us deceive ourselves. We are conquered. The world is against us. And we can scarcely tell to-day for how many years this will be so. Everything that we have defended—morals and laws, ideas, noble language, probity of speech and of thought, honest toil, beautiful craftsmanship—everything retreats day by day before an advancing mass of barbarism and corruption.

So wrote Péguy in 1909 after fifteen years of overwork culminating in an illness. He would hardly write so to-day. But although he professed himself conquered, he never looked upon the defeat as more than a temporary one. It was not in Charles Péguy to be hopeless. How could he be—he who has penned such quaint, charming, disorderly lines in honour of his favourite "Second Virtue"?

In order not to believe you must stop up your eyes and your ears. Not to believe, not to see.

Charity too follows of itself.

In order not to love your fellows you must stop up your eyes and your ears to so many cries of distress.

Faith is easy, and not to believe would be impossible.

Charity is easy, and not to love would be impossible.

But Hope is difficult.

It is she, this little Hope, who draws everything after her.

For Faith only sees what is.

And Hope, she sees what will be.

Charity only loves what is.

And Hope, she loves what will be.

Faith sees that which is in Time and in Eternity.

Hope sees that which will be in Time and for all Eternity.

"Charles Péguy had travelled far," says the French critic, M. René Doumic, "to reach the ideas he crowned by his death." As he grew up, the religion of his childhood had fallen from him. He started his career as a Socialist and Anti-Militarist. But his ardent love of men drew him on to love of God; and later, he came to see that nothing less great and less wonderful than Christianity could heal the wounds of suffering humanity. And because Péguy so longed that these wounds should be healed, and because his nature was so generous, so responsive to love, and so easily touched, he threw himself, once converted, on the side of Christ with his whole heart and mind. As for his Anti-Militarism, it was slain for good and all by the threatened German invasion in 1905. Ever after, indeed, he was obsessed by the German peril, and he has no words scornful enough for "false pacifists, like Victor Hugo, who love to read and hear of war, and obtain from it interior pleasures of imagination, but are not ready to risk their skins in it." With regard to the *manner* of waging war, he takes a lofty standpoint:

I maintain that peace is only valid, and that peace is only lasting, if the war that preceded it, after it has become inevitable, has been waged loyally. Now I recognise at least two loyalties, and the second is no less indispensable than the first. The first loyalty consists in treating our adversaries and enemies as men, in respecting their moral person, in respecting in our conduct towards them the obligations of the moral law, in keeping, even in the hottest part of the fight and amid all the animosity of the struggle, decency, probity, justice, fairness, loyalty—in remaining honest. This first loyalty is above all moral. I will call it the personal loyalty. And I also recognise a second loyalty which has received much less attention from moralists. This second loyalty, which is mental as well as moral, consists in treating war itself, once it has become inevitable, as being war and not as being peace. Quite simply, it consists in fighting hard when one does fight. It consists in making war seriously, after its manner, just as one ought to do all work seriously, after its manner.

I have said that it was Péguy's love of humanity which led him to God, but there is another cause which I think largely contributed, his whole-hearted reverence and admiration for the Saints. It is indeed a significant fact that the revival of religion in France should have coincided with the development of the national *culte* for Joan of Arc. From the

day that Frenchmen of all shades of opinion began to take a just pride in the Maid, France began to change. The peasant Patriot Girl, we may be sure, has always been mindful of her countrymen before the Throne of God; but who can doubt that to-day, touched by their outburst of interest and affection, she pleads their cause with renewed ardour? God is wonderful in His Saints, and the way in which He influences the world through them is one of the mysteries of Divine Love. Now, as far back as 1897, Péguy was thinking about Jeanne. The mind of this somewhat illogical sceptic was all preoccupied with the idea of the two shepherdess saints—St. Geneviève, ancient and wrinkled, who saved Paris from the Huns in the fifth century, and the gracious peasant child of the Loire. After all, with Jeanne to intercede for him, it is not very astonishing that he ended by crying triumphantly:

Our Shepherdesses are two unique Shepherdesses.

And when the Last Day comes, we people of Paris will follow ours.

And we, we other Frenchmen, we will follow ours.

And he is not slow to recognize the futility of all that he had been invited to trust in before:

It is not in their ambulance tents and beds

That our frightful gashes can be sewn up.

It is not their sleep-inducing chloral

That will still the pain of our horrible wounds.

It is not their wisdom, nor even their prudence

That we shall invoke in the eternal combat.

And it is not the voices of their Professors of History

That will class the Just with the Triumphant.

And it will not be their insipid poetry

That will inaugurate for us a new era.

Nor will it be their paltry heresies

That will come to summon us from our tombs.

He is almost violent in his scorn, and on and on go his verses as though they would never cease. Then suddenly he drops his voice:

We shall trust solely to the sails of prayer,

Since it was Jesus wove and spread them for us.

Like a child, Péguy is glad to think that God is there. He is comforted and happy. And because he has the eyes of a child, he sees: for it is the children who see. And so it

comes about that this cultured villager of the Loire, this student, this enterprising modern publisher, is also a mystic, who understands more than most people something of the astounding love of God and the appalling ingratitude of man. A single line of his would suffice to show us that:

"C'est toujours Moi qui paye, et toujours l'homme qui prend."

Alas! it is indeed "always God who pays and man who takes." And the unconventional, irregular lines shape themselves into a meditation:

He who loves puts himself in the power of him who is loved.
It is the habit, it is the common law.

It is fatal.

He who loves, falls into servitude, puts himself under the yoke of servitude.

He depends on him whom he loves.

And yet it is in this very position that God has put Himself by loving us.

God did not wish to escape the common law, and by His love he fell into servitude to the sinner.

The Creator at present depends on His creature.

He who is everything has put Himself, has allowed Himself to be put on this level.

He who can do everything, depends on, waits for, hopes from him who can do nothing.

Everything has been confided into sinful hands.

In confidence.

In hope.

Man's own salvation, the Body of Christ, hope in God—all has been committed to man.

Terrifying privilege. Terrifying responsibility.

The lowest of sinners can crown or uncrown a hope of God.

Terrifying love. Terrifying charity.

The Creator has need of His creature, has put Himself in the position of needing His creature.

God has need of us. God needs His creature.

We might be wanting to Him.

Not reply to His call.

Not respond to His hope. Fail to appear. Be missing. Not be there.

Terrifying power.

Yes, it would be "terrifying," only that Péguy has such tight hold of the hands of his comrades, the Saints. And he looks up and past them to the Queen of all the Saints.

And above all is Heaven, his home—a real home. And he is singularly and buoyantly at ease with it all in a very French way:

And St. Geneviève, born at Nanterre, a Parisienne, Patron Saint of Paris, Patron and Saint of France—great Patrons and great Saints indeed,

St. Marcel, St. Germain, St. Geneviève.

And yet there are days when the greatest friendships do not suffice.

Neither Marcel nor Geneviève,

Geneviève, our great friend.

And when we must climb, climb higher,

Still climb, ever higher and higher,

Up to the final highest sanctity,

The highest purity, the highest beauty, the final patronage.

We must have courage to tell the truth.

St. Peter is a great Saint, and a great Patron among all the Patrons.

Tu es Petrus, et super hanc petram.

And therefore no one could find a better Patron than St. Peter.

But a day comes, an hour comes, a moment comes, when St. Marcel and St. Germaine, and St. Germain himself, and our great friend,

That great Saint, St. Geneviève,

And the great St. Peter himself do not suffice,

And when we must absolutely do what we must do.

Then we must take our courage in both hands,

And address ourselves directly to her who is above them all.

We must be bold. Just once. Boldly address her who is infinitely beautiful because she is also infinitely kind.

She who intercedes.

The only one who can speak with the authority of a Mother.

Boldly address her who is infinitely pure,

Because she is also infinitely kind.

Who is all Greatness and all Faith,

Because she is also all Charity.

Who is all Faith and all Charity,

Because she is also all Hope.

We have seen that as early as 1897, Péguy was preoccupied with the thought of Joan of Arc; it was not until 1910, however, that the book appeared which will ever be associ-

ated with his name. It is called *The Mystery of the Charity of Joan of Arc*, and is concerned only with the call of Joan—or rather, with what led up to her call. I do not think that anyone who has once read the simple, eloquent, and touching pages in which thirteen-year old Jeannette talks with her little friend Hauviette, will easily forget them. Neither will they forget Jeanne's prayer. Child as she is, she wrestles with the problem of evil; for she has already seen enough of the world, and of wickedness, and of fighting, to trouble the peace of her soul:

It is all in vain! Whatever we do, they will always go quicker than we go, they will always do more than we can. One spark will fire a farm, and it has taken years and years to build it. To make a good Christian the plough must have been at work for twenty years, yet the sword can destroy a Christian in a minute. We shall always be the weakest. We are of the party who build up: they are of the party who destroy. We are of the party of the plough: they are of the party of the sword. Cursèd be war, and cursèd be those who have brought it on the soil of France.

In the Name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost. My God, deliver us from evil. If there have not yet been enough Saints, send us some more. Send us as many as we need. Send us so many that the enemy grows tired. We will follow them, my God. We will do all that You wish. We will do all that they wish. We will do all that they tell us from You. We are Your people, send us Your Saints: we are Your sheep, send us Your Shepherds. We are good Christians—You know that we are good Christians. How is it that good Christians do not make a good Christianity? There must be something wrong somewhere. If only You would send us one of Your Saints!

So pleads Jeannette, all unconscious of the high vocation that God destines for her. Already in the "Mystery" the little girl stands out, a humble, yet a lofty and courageous figure. And by her side is another type of piety, almost as winning, and, we must believe, as dear to God. We listen entranced while ten-year-old Hauviette brushes aside her friend's perplexities with the candour and vivacity and shrewdness of a good French child:

For very nearly fifty years now, say the old people, the soldiers have been burning, or trampling down, or stealing as they please the ripe harvest. Well, all that time, every year, the good labourers—your father and mine, your two big brothers, the

fathers of our little friends, always the same, the same French peasants—have been tilling with the same care the same fields, under God's eyes, the fields yonder. When houses are destroyed, they build them up. When churches, when parishes are destroyed, they build them up. All the year through they work with the same patience: that is what keeps everything together, saves everything. They save everything—keep everything together. Thanks to them everything is not dead yet. God will end by blessing their harvests.

Very confident is little Hauviette, and it is clear she has no leaning to a contemplative life:

We must be saved together. We must arrive in Heaven together. We must go in together. One must not present oneself before the kind God without the others. We must all return together to our Father's home. We must think a little of each other. We must work a little for each other. What would He say to us if one of us came, if one of us returned without the others?

Everything one does in the day is pleasing to God—provided, of course, that there is nothing wrong about it. Everything is God's, everything has to do with God, everything is done under the eye of God: the whole day belongs to God. All prayer is God's; all work is God's; play is God's too, when it is the right hour for play. I am a little French girl, and I am not afraid of God, for He is our Father. If suddenly I had to appear before the good God, I should say:—"I am little Hauviette, of Your parish of Domrémy in Your Lorraine, at Your service."

The note of confidence rings very clear in Jeanne's voice too, in spite of her questionings and grief and compassion. She has confidence in her compatriots—a proud, unshakable confidence. Did she ever lose it, one wonders, even at the stake? I doubt it, or at any rate only momentarily. In any case, Péguy's little Jeanne stands up valiantly to her older and wiser friend, Madame Gervaise, the contemplative; and nothing will turn her from her opinion—not even an exhortation to humility, not even the reminder that things must have been very difficult for the first Christians:

French knights, French peasants, our people here would never have abandoned their Lord. People of the country of France. People of the province of Lorraine. They would have left to others the task of fulfilling the prophecies. The King of France would never have abandoned Him. Charlemagne and Roland, the people round here, would never have allowed such

things. French knights, French peasants, simple parishioners of French parishes. Our parishioners would never have given Him up. St. Louis, King of France—St. Louis of the French. Never would St. Denis and St. Martin, never would St. Geneviève and St. Aignan, never would St. Loup, never would St. Ouen have given Him up. Our Saints would never have given Him up. They were Saints who did not know what it was to be afraid. I say what I think. I know the kind of race to which the people of this country belong. And I only say the truth. The Lorrainers, the people of the Valley of the Meuse, the parishioners of our parishes, the parishioners of Vaucouleurs, the parishioners of Domrémy—we should never have abandoned Him. We are great criminals, we are great sinners, but we should not have done that. I do not like the English. But the English would never have permitted that.

I cannot leave this beautiful book without an allusion to the little life of Christ, in Péguy's characteristic, irregular, unrhymed metre, which is inserted in the middle of the volume. The whole conception is so absolutely medieval in its naïve piety and its homeliness that borders on familiarity, that one wonders how it came to be written in the twentieth century. This it was which moved the great French politician, Count Albert de Mun, to tears. But it is ill trying to describe it. I can but reverently translate a few lines, and leave it there:

He had worked at carpentering, His trade.
 He was a working carpenter.
 He had even been a good workman,
 As He had been good at everything.
 His father had a small business.
 He worked with His father.
 He worked at home.
 For He had been a good Son to his father Joseph,
 As He had been a good Son to His Father in Heaven.
 He was generally loved.
 Everybody loved Him,
 Until the day when He commenced His mission.
 Comrades, friends, companions, Authorities, citizens,
 Fathers and mothers,
 Approved of everything
 Till the day when He began His mission,
 Till the day when He revealed Himself
 The Master of the world,
 Till the day when He undertook to restore to God what be-
 longs to God.

He was a good Son to His Mother Mary.
His Mother was proud to have such a Son,
To be the Mother of such a Son.
She gloried in it perhaps, and she glorified God.
Magnificat anima mea.
But since He had begun His mission,
She wept, she wept
As never woman wept.
She wept as never woman will be asked to weep again on
earth.

In three days she had aged ten years.
She wept till she looked ugly,
She the greatest Beauty in the world,
The Mystical Rose,
The Ivory Tower,
Turris Eburnea.
She had become a Queen.
She had become the Queen of the Seven Dolours.
When He was little all the world wanted Him.
Everyone was pleased to see Him.
And now He was grown up
No one wanted Him any more.
They did not even want to hear about Him.
The world is changeable.
And yet the world has heard plenty about Him since.
Being the Son of God, Jesus knew everything.
He saw everything beforehand and everything at once.
And He saw Judas who betrayed Him.
He knew about the silver and the Potter's Field,
The thirty pieces of silver.
And the Saviour saw that Judas, whom He loved,
He could not save, though He was sacrificing Himself utterly for him.

For the writing of this remarkable "Mystery," Péguy prepared himself for years. We may believe that he sought the aid of prayer; and he himself has told us how, in order to comprehend it better and to clothe it in a suitable form, he tried to become a peasant again, and to look at things from a peasant's point of view. For, as he said, this great Saint, this wonderful Saint, was a peasant child of his own Lorraine; her father, her brothers, her big sister, were just such people as he had known when he was little. This, he recognized, might be of the greatest help to him.

And, after all, to the end Charles Péguy retained the char-

acteristics of a peasant. "Forty," he said, not long before he died, "is a terrible age." And he went on to lament his *air peuple*, and to complain that he had never arrived at looking elegant and distinguished, though he went to the same tailors as everyone else. He regretted, too, that he could not learn to fence, and felt convinced that he could have fought well enough with the arms of the fifteenth century—arms which were only ill-disguised tools. Ah! he could not see even a little way into the future. He could not see that fifth of September, and the soldier's grave.

Let us not grieve for him overmuch—kind, quizzical, tender, irascible Péguy, "*père Péguy*," as he called himself latterly. He was not old, as years go, yet assuredly he had done his life-work. Where is the writer who would not envy him many of his pages? Yet I think he has left behind him something greater and more enduring even than these. Said a young French author to M. René Doumic: "You cannot imagine what this man has been to those of my generation. Of a truth, he has been for us our Professor of Heroism."

E. M. WALKER.

GREAT POSSESSIONS

THE Word made flesh, one God with the Creator,
Is still with us, as Brother and as Lord.
But man, unto his greatness turned a traitor,
Rejects a heritage that Christ restored.

He thirsts for lesser streams, who has the Fountain
Unfathomable, welling in his soul.
He haunts the valley, while upon the mountain,
The hero's path is shining to the goal.

He thinks of Death in fear as very master—
Death, Herald of the Land of life's increase.
He makes and, making, magnifies disaster,
Relinquishing an everlasting peace.

A finite creature, he; yet might he glory
In deathless deeds, angelic converse share.
A little one; yet might his human story
Reveal him heir to all—with Christ, co-heir.

ARMEL O'CONNOR.

THE SHEPHERD OF DHU LOUGH

DAN CONLAN sat with his hands to the blaze and his elbows on his knees. Between the gusts of wind he could hear the lake water lapping monotonously among the reeds. Now and then a fiercer gust came whistling up the pass and sang shrilly among the little group of rock pines clustered at the head of the lake and then fled away among the mountains that fringed Dhu Lough. When the wind died away he could dimly hear the bleating of a multitude of sheep and the barking of dogs from the mountain that rose almost straight over his cabin roof.

Dan listened intently, straining to catch a sound which had never been absent from his ears for close upon ninety years. The bleating of the sheep rose and fell according to the wind.

Dan stirred uneasily.

"The young lads haven't the way with them any more than the young dogs," he murmured, fretfully.

"If Sport was in it with myself it's real quiet they would be in their minds before this, the creatures. God knows they would. An' why wouldn't they? And if the dog was in it itself, it's too old himself and me is to be minding sheep. Wasn't he telling me the same? Too old I was, he was after saying!"

Dan laughed wistfully to himself as he leant further over the fire. A puff of wind sent the ashes whirling into his face, and the old man coughed till the tears ran down his cheeks. He wiped them away with the sleeve of his coat.

"Mebbe I'm not too young. I was terrible put about wantin' the old dog. But there's never a man about the mountains lost less sheep than myself in the eighty years I'm minding them. And now they do be about selling the flocks away from me. Me that knows the face of every lamb I reared in it the same as another man would be apt to know his childer! And the little black-faced ewe! Didn't I bring her in here to herself by the fire and she like to die in the snow come February two years. God knows it was the small little bit of a lamb she bore—no bigger than me fist and the grand wether it was after! And now the lot is to

be sold away to England on me. And where'll myself go, wanting the sheep?"

The storm rose rapidly as summer storms do among the cavernous passes near the Killeries, and drowned the sound of the bleating sheep.

Presently Dan got up and went to bed.

The morning broke gorgeously over mountain and lake, and the purple colour lay wet on the slopes from the last night's rain. Dan Conlan came out of his cabin door and began to climb the slopes towards the pens which held close upon three thousand sheep. Men and dogs were shouting and barking and running wildly about, while the sheep kept up a constant baa-ing that would have deafened an unaccustomed ear.

The owner of the sheep was a Mr. Mountjoy, of Manchester, and owing to the political outlook he had deemed it wise to rid himself of his Irish property without delay. For this purpose he had sent over a Scotchman to take charge of his sheep among the Connemara mountains and ship them away, some to Scotland and some to the English markets. The head shepherd, old Daniel Conlan, and the four or five boys who worked as herds under him, were to be disbanded.

Dan had received the Scotchman as a patriarch might welcome a guest to his territory, and it had taken hours of conversation to convince him that this stranger meant what he said, when he declared he came with authority to take away his sheep from him. "The puir mon had the appearance o' considering he owned the sheep himself. He had to sit down and tell me which sheep he would hand over and which sheep he would not. It's money, Mountjoy is wanting, I was telling him over and over again, and he should have all the sheep—every one! Then it is verra leetle money Mountjoy could make hereabouts with yon puir creature to be minding his flocks!"

MacAlister was talking to one of his own men, who nodded sympathetically.

"The sheep are not in the pen yet and I misdoubt are they all here. There's Daniel Conlan coming over the rise. Ask him does he ken where the other sheep are laying? We should start to count them out before nine o'clock by rights."

MacAlister watched Dan approach, and greeted him with a kindly nod. He was sorry that the old man was being turned off his beat, but he couldn't understand his air of pro-

prietorship, and resented it accordingly. He felt that enough time had been spent already in explanations which apparently explained nothing to Dan.

"There's near a score of sheep missing, Conlan. Have ye any knowledge where they might be laying?" he asked, as Dan stopped before him.

"The score that's missin' is the lambs I reared by hand, Mr. MacAlister. Be night and be day I sat be the side of some of them," he said, slowly.

"Well, we're waiting to count, so send a lad for them."

MacAlister picked a rush and chewed it thoughtfully, as he watched him. Dan planted his stick in front of him and leaned over it, looking into the other's face.

"I will not send a lad for them, then. What I'm after keepin' from death I'll keep from yourself. May God curse the day I'd give them to you!" he added, fiercely.

MacAlister turned aside with a short laugh.

"Get out above on the brae there and bring in the sheep," he shouted to the men, brusquely.

"It isn't every man has the time to be havoring with you, Daniel Conlan: be my way of thinking what a man pays for belongs to him, and I'll not leave the place short of one sheep; you'd be as well saving your breath and heeding to what I say."

The Scotchman spat scornfully into the heather and walked up towards the pens.

They were built of the grey stone that lay scattered about on the mountain. At one end a great washing-trough had been made where the sheep were dipped twice a year: the other end the shearing-yard stood, and in the centre were the yards for the flocks.

Dan followed MacAlister and looked over the walls. Every compartment was full of jostling animals, which raised frightened faces to his and baa-ed piteously on recognizing him. He walked on up the sheep path, and climbed on to a jutting shoulder of rock, where he sat down to watch with his chin on his stick.

Far below him Dhu Lough lay, true, even on that brilliant day, to its name, for the precipitous mountains on the other side threw their black shadows across its waters from end to end. On the near side its shores were bounded by the Congested Districts Board road, across which at the present moment Dan could see his little flock of geese waddling with

dignified gait towards the marshy shore in search of breakfast.

All round him the echoes were doubling the bleating of the sheep, and a few wheeling gulls screamed uneasily at the disturbance from the lake below.

Suddenly Dan raised his head. Far off amid the noise he could hear the bleating of other sheep coming down by the pass over the ridge. Presently the little flock came in sight, urged into fitful galloping by the men and dogs at their heels.

Dan swallowed hard once or twice. He felt in his pocket for his pipe, pulled it out and looked at it, and put it back.

"They had to go, but it's the dogs its after findin' them and not them omadhauns."

As they came nearer he peered down among the scurrying flock. A half-satisfied expression came into his face as he rose and went down to the pens.

MacAlister was counting them as they scrambled in through the opening.

"Have you the lot, Andy, now?" he called.

"It would be about the lot."

"Turn in there and sort them, then."

"I did see one old wether on top o' the ridge but there was ne'er a one but herself there and I thought ye might be sending one of the young lads after her," said Andy.

Dan came closer, listening.

"And why didn't ye bring her in when I bid ye? Is it to be wasting the whole day standing here attending to the thoughts ye have I'm to be?" asked MacAlister, angrily.

"I brought back these sheep because ye was hurried," replied Andy, unruffled. "And the boys say the old wether has gone twenty years. It's gey strange she looked and not worth the boot leather to be walking after her."

MacAlister's only answer was to tell Murtagh Mooney to go and fetch her.

Murtagh twisted his cap in his hands.

"The bell-wether has never been penned since the day she was born, and indeed it's a great grief would come on you and you to touch her."

"Great grief!" ejaculated the Scotchman; "Will you fetch the wether?"

"I will not then!" muttered Murtagh, edging away.

Dan raised his old hat and drew his sleeve across his forehead. The little wind lifted his white hair.

"I will be goin' after the wether myself, MacAlister,"

he said, slowly looking over the Scotchman's head and drawing himself up straight.

Dan had not been master all the years of his life for nothing. Moreover, those that live so near the heart of nature as do the shepherds on these wild hills, absorb unconsciously some of her dignity and aloofness.

MacAlister looked at him appreciatively. Daniel Conlan stood in his young days well over six feet in his stockings, and he stooped little in his old age; he was sparse and spare from a hard life. His face was weathered and furrowed by years of exposure, but his eyes were as keen and bright as those of a young man. The Scotchman turned his half-chewed rush over to the other corner of his mouth before replying.

"I would be obleeged to you, Mr. Conlan," he said at last, and turning round, he went back to his work.

Dan walked back up the sheep-path without another glance at the pens. Murtagh ran after him.

"She's above by the little stream in the hollow. Will I help you after her?"

"You will not. I suppose they have you bought with the sheep?"

"God knows they have not! Wasn't it myself moved her up there, pegging stones after her, the way she wouldn't be seen. And wasn't I saying I would not be fetching her. Troth, Dan, it is yourself offered to do it for him,—and it's a queer thing for you to go do!"

Murtagh spoke in aggrieved indignation.

"Ay, ay, lad, it is a queer thing for me to go do. Go home back out of it now, and God and Mary go along with you."

"And with yourself, Dan," said Murtagh, standing to look after him.

"It's the broken heart he is carrying along with him has him walking so crooked and old looking," surmised the boy, pityingly.

Dan tramped up the path in the direction of the head of the pass, brushing through the heather and bracken which had dried in the heat of the noonday sun. As he climbed higher, the bracken thinned and made way for the dwarf furze that studded the hillside with gold and poured out its warm honeyed fragrance. The heat became greater as the rocks cropped up more numerous. The bleating of the flocks could only be heard dimly through the quivering haze

of heat. Still Dan tramped on without raising his head. Presently he turned up a deep, rocky ravine at the bottom of which filtered a little stream which gushed noisily among the rocks, and every here and there hid itself in a patch of bog through which it gurgled thickly. Here the walking was bad, and Dan's feet sucked in the sticky turf. After a couple of hours walking, he came out on the hollow near the top of the ridge that Murtagh had spoken of.

He looked all round, but the place was empty, so he turned towards the west of the ridge, and after another half-hour's search, discovered the wether standing among the rocks gazing at him.

Her age could not have been far short of what the men had stated. Two heavy horns were curled round in spirals close to her black face, and her muzzle was as white as driven snow. Her fleece hung in long shreds in places, for she had never been sheared. But the eyes were what arrested the attention. Mountain sheep have a look of keen intelligence lacking from their lowland brethren, but the old wether which had led generations of sheep through the passes on these lonely and dangerous mountains, had a look of almost supernatural understanding. For years her eyes had pierced the driving snow in winter time, or the thick creeping mists of early autumn, that changed the world into a dream of moving phantoms. Through the calm nights of summer moonlight, or the black nights of winter storm, her unerring instinct had invariably guided both sheep and shepherds to safety and home.

The crying of the sheep all night had evidently disturbed her, and she stood facing Dan and sniffing the breeze uneasily, moving her head up and down.

Presently she baa-ed mournfully, and pawed at the ground with her front feet.

He approached, and she turned round and moved up the side of the hollow that lay like a little cup near the top of the ridge. Dan followed. When she got to the top she looked back and waited for him.

The wether threaded her way obliquely through the rocks on the Erriff valley side, making for the great bog that lies east of the Killery. Mile after mile of heather she passed through, looking back every now and then to see if the old shepherd was behind her, but following her own initiative without word or sign from him.

Once, as it came towards late afternoon, she lay down in the heather. Dan sat down near by and rested his hat on his knee. He was tired—more tired than he had ever been in his life, and he had had nothing to eat since early morning. They were still on the heights, and looking back, he could see the great expanse of Killery Water winding narrowly among the mountains, bathed in the golden glow of the evening sun. Below him the Erriff River lay in the ruddy bog like a thread of spun gold. Opposite Matair an Dhoul towered over two thousand feet above the valley.

They went on again slowly. The old man's mind seemed fogged, and he followed the sheep without reasoning. A sense of danger urged her on, and Dan, like a child feeling the need of some companionship, kept close to her. At intervals the river was spanned by rude, log bridges, and over one she passed, and turning to the west again, made for the slopes of Matair an Dhoul. The sun set in a welter of crimson light, and down one of the mountain gorges Dan could see the ocean, miles away, like a sea of fire, with its many islands lying as faint mauve shadows upon its breast. He had lost count of time and place. As he stumbled on he talked in low tones to the wether of the days when he was a young man. His mind seemed to have faded suddenly away as the sunlight left the mountain tops.

It grew darker and he murmured fitfully to himself. The summer nights are seldom dark, and he could still see the moving white fleece in front of him. A gleam of intelligence came to him suddenly.

"It is a long way home it is, for sure, from this place,—a very long way home." He looked round him anxiously, but catching sight of the old sheep again, the idea faded away, and he stumbled over to the heathery hollow where she had laid down.

He sank into the heather by her side. It was long and springy, and the ground was still warm from the sun's rays. His head fell on the soft fleece of the old creature, who had been his companion for so many years.

His mind wandered in a delirious maze through the happy places of his youth. The lines of hardship faded out of his face, and he smiled softly to himself.

When the morning sun topped the ridge the shepherd and bell-wether of Dhu Lough had found the shortest way home.

ST. JOHN WHITTY.

ENGLISH RITUALIA, OLD AND NEW

IT is now nearly sixty years since a serious revision of the *Ordo administrandi Sacramenta* was undertaken at the instance of the first Provincial Council of Westminster and published in 1856 by Thomas Richardson of Derby. The issue of a completely new edition is consequently an event of some importance in our ecclesiastical annals.¹ Even for the laity the matter is not without interest, for of all the service-books of the Church it is the *Rituale* which has the most intimate bearing upon the life of the people. The simple fact that a notable alteration has been made in the Marriage Service, and that henceforth the clause "if Holy Church will it permit," which has so often proved a stumbling-block in the past, is no longer retained in the formula of the troth-plighting, will be a source of satisfaction to many Catholics who have no taste for liturgical discussions. The very change of the place of publication from Derby to London is not without significance, for it is an indication of that shifting of the centre of gravity from the Midlands to the metropolis which has resulted in large measure from the personal character and prestige of our four successive Cardinal Archbishops.

The appearance of this handsomely-printed volume (the typography has been executed at the Clarendon Press—in itself a circumstance well worthy of note) cannot fail to carry some minds back to the printing office of Laurence Kellam at Douay, at which, 311 years ago, the first service-book for the use of post-Reformation English Catholics was given to the world. This work was of the type we now call a *Rituale*, that is, it was concerned mainly with the administration of the Sacraments, and it was consequently the direct forerunner

¹ *Ordo Administrandi Sacramenta et alia quaedam officia peragendi ex Rituali Romano extractus nonnullis adiectis ex antiquo rituali Anglicano*. Londini apud Burns et Oates in via vulgo dicta xxviii Orchard Street W. MCMXV.

I hope that I shall not seem hypercritical if I remark that in this imitation of the phraseology affected by the old printers when indicating their trade addresses, the publishers do not seem to me to have been quite happy. Can one say that a road is called 28 Orchard Street? The address may be called 28 Orchard Street, but not the road. Still this is not the first time that such details have caused a difficulty. The *Ordo Administrandi* of 1788 was published by Coghlan of Duke Street, Grosvenor Square, who announces the fact thus: "Londini, Typis J. P. Coghlan, in via Ducis, prope Quadrant, vulgo Grosvenor. MDCCLXXXVIII." This was enough to make Aldus Manutius turn in his grave.

of the *Ordo administrandi Sacramenta*, the newest revision of which is now before us. This first Douay book, printed in 1604, the year after James I. came to the throne, formed a small quarto volume of 186 pages, the last few leaves being occupied with "Annotations," more or less apologetic in character. It was really no more than a rearrangement of portions of the old Sarum *Manuale*, though it appeared under a new title,¹ and though a good deal of the contents of that handbook, notably all that had connexion with the celebration of Mass, was now left out. A second edition in duodecimo was also printed by Laurence Kellam at Douay in 1610, or to be strictly accurate, in 1611, for the approbation at the end is dated February 9, 1611, which, of course, was 1610 Old Style. Apart from the correction of a few typographical errors, the duodecimo hardly differs from the quarto of 1604, but the title has been changed to *Manuale Sacerdotum, hoc est Ritus administrandi Sacramenta Baptismi*, etc. Both these ancestors of our modern *Ordo Administrandi* were entirely Sarum books and they form an extraordinarily interesting link between the old order and the new. Perhaps I cannot better illustrate their value than by attempting with their aid to answer the difficulty which must have occurred to many Catholics who have chanced to witness the rite of baptism in an Anglican church. Why is it that in the Church of England the clergyman holds the infant, while among Catholics the child is held by the godmother? Probably most of us have been tempted to explain this difference of practice as due to the assumed incompetence of a celibate clergy in the matter of handling babies. Still, even while every Catholic priest must feel that in this special dispensation Providence has been exceptionally kind, it must also be confessed that the true solution lies somewhat deeper. An examination of our early rituals, and a comparison of the various revisions of the Book of Common Prayer make the matter clear, and the point is one of some interest.

There can be no doubt that in pre-Reformation England, infants, save for some quite exceptional reason, were invariably baptized by immersion. The rubrics of the Sarum *Manuale* were in this matter most precise. We learn from them that the priest must have stood at the western side of the

¹ *Sacra Institutio Baptizandi, Matrimonium celebrandi, Infirmos ungendi, mortuos sepeliendi, ac alii nonnulli ritus ecclesiastici juxta usum insignis Ecclesiae Sarisburiensis. Duaci 1604 Permissu Superiorum.*

font, and that he took the child, presumably nude, from the godmother, holding it by the sides,¹ the infant's face being away from him. Then he dipped it into the water three times, the infant's head always pointing towards the east, and consequently in the direction of the altar. First the priest plunges the child into the water right side downwards so that its face was turned towards the north, saying *Et ego baptizo te in nomine Patris*, next he immersed it left side downwards, so that its face was turned towards the south, saying *et Filii*, and lastly face downwards, saying *et Spiritus Sancti. Amen.*² This was undoubtedly the English custom, and a similar practice of immersion seems to have prevailed during the middle ages almost everywhere throughout Europe. Now at the time when the Manuals of 1604 and 1610 were printed at Douay for the use of the English mission, it is plain that the missionaries themselves, forced by the penal laws to shun the light of day, must have found it difficult, except in the rarest cases, to employ this method of baptism by immersion, seeing that it involved the use of a relatively capacious font. The rubrics, however, were retained, partly because the compilers clung to their native traditions, partly because no authoritative Roman *Rituale* had yet been published. This book, identified with the name of Pope Paul V., was to come in 1614. When it appeared, the Order therein provided for the rite of Baptism, while tolerating the custom of immersion where this still prevailed, took it for granted that as a rule the Sacrament would be administered by infusion. For this function the following directions are given:

Then the god-father, or the god-mother, or the two together (if it be a case in which there are both) holding the child, the priest takes baptismal water from a vessel or ewer and pours some of it over the head of the infant in the form of a cross, and pronouncing the words at the same time,³ says once, distinctly, and attentively, *N. Ego te baptizo, etc.*

I quote this from the first edition of the *Rituale Romanum*

¹ "Deinde accipiat sacerdos infantem per latera in manibus suis . . . et mergat eum semel versa facie ad aquilonem et capite versus orientem, etc." *Ordo Baptizandi*, Douay, 1604, p. 23.

² The *Amen* was always added in the Sarum formula and in many other early rituals. The *Rituale Romanum* does not add it.

³ There is an unfortunate misprint here in the new *Ordo administrandi* of *verbo* for *verba*. It is, however, only fair to say that such typographical errors are very rare.

(1614). which the English *Ordo Baptizandi* of 1626, as well as all subsequent issues, exactly follow. This recognition at Rome in 1614 of the practice of baptism by infusion was in no sense a novelty. It is true that various rituals of the sixteenth century, which proclaimed themselves Roman, did not make mention of any method but that of immersion,¹ but, nearly a hundred years before, the important work of the Dominican Albert de Castello, known as the *Liber Sacerdotalis*,² gives two forms of the rite of baptism, which he declares to have been the outcome of his researches in the Vatican Library, one of them being extracted from "the new book which His Holiness our Lord the Pope uses in the divine offices." Both these forms speak of baptism by immersion and baptism by infusion as if they were equally in common use, and in Castello's engraving of the administration of the Sacrament, which probably was cut expressly for this work, the godfather is seen to hold out a naked child over the font before the priest, while the priest, from a small bowl, pours water upon its head.

Now there can be no doubt that when Baptism is administered by infusion it is difficult for the minister of the Sacrament to be quite certain that all is properly performed if he has to hold a possibly fractious infant in one hand, while he pours the water with the other. Many local rituals illustrate the stages by which a change of practice gradually came about. For example, at Augsburg, we have first a decree of a synod of 1321, which prescribes "that he who is baptized must be actually set down and immersed in the laver of regeneration" (*ut is qui baptizatur sit in lavacro regenerationis constitutus actualiter et immersus*). But before 1580 the practice had been modified, for the Ritual of that date directs that "it would be safer and more prudent to pour a small quantity of water over the child and not to plunge the child himself into the water." For this end it directs that the priest should "take the infant into his left hand holding it cautiously and gently over the font . . . while with his right hand taking some of the water from the font he pours it slowly upon the head *and body* of the child three times, etc."

¹ See for example the *Ordo Baptizandi iuxta ritum S.R. Ecclesiæ*, Venice, 1581; or the *Sacra Institutio Baptizandi*, etc., *juxta ritum Sanctæ Romanæ Ecclesiæ*, Paris, 1594. Both these give only "Deinde baptizet sacerdos infantem sub trina immersione."

² The papal brief of Leo X. prefixed to it is dated 1520.

Clearly this must have been a rather delicate and perilous operation, likely in itself to distract the priest, especially if the child was fretful, from the careful utterance of the form of the Sacrament. The rubric was therefore not long in use, and already in 1612, two years before the official *Rituale Romanum* was published, we find that at Augsburg the task of holding the infant was assigned to the godfather.

Let the priest bid the god father hold the child carefully in his two hands face downwards over the font, while he himself pours water slowly three times over the infant's head and body, saying, etc.¹

Many others among the early rituals show a like consideration for the possible danger that might come to the child from the process of immersion. For example, in that of Münster in Westphalia, it is pointed out that

if the priest should be old and have trembling hands, or if there should be a severe frost, or if the child be delicate, or again if it be of larger growth, so that it cannot conveniently be plunged into the font, it is better that water should be poured upon it three times.²

In the Church of England the same difficulty has been felt, but things have followed a somewhat different course. In the Prayer Book of 1549 the Sarum practice was hardly changed, except so far as to suggest infusion as an alternative:

Then the prieste shall take the childe in his handes and aske the name. And naming the childe, shall dyppe it in the water [thyryse; first dypping the right syde, seconde the left syde, the thyrd time dypping the face towarde the fonte,] so it be discretely and warily done, saying: "N. I baptize thee in the name of the Father and of the Sonne and of the Holy Ghost. Amen." And if the childe be weake, it shall suffice to powre water upon it saying the foresayed words.

In the 1552 and subsequent revisions of the Prayer Book the words enclosed in square brackets were omitted, and finally, in 1662, the text was adopted which still stands in this place:

Then the Priest shall take the child into his hands and shall

¹ See for all this Hoeyneck, *Geschichte des Kirch. Liturgie des Bisthums Augsburg*, pp. 121-122.

² J. Freisen, *Manuale Lincopense (Katholische Ritualbücher Schwedens und Finnlands)*, p. 18. Cf. Schönfelder, *Liturgische Bibliothek*, I., 90.

say to the Godfathers and Godmothers "Name this child." And then naming it after them (if they shall certify him that the child may well endure it) he shall dip it in the water discreetly and warily, saying: "N. I baptize thee in the name of the Father and of the Son and of the Holy Ghost. Amen." But if they certify that the child is weak, it shall suffice to pour water on it, saying the foresaid words: N. I baptize thee etc.

From this it appears clearly that the custom by which the clergyman now holds the child is due to the fact that he originally took it into his hands with a view to immersion, and failing any other direction, that he still retained it while he poured the water in those cases in which the child was believed to be "weak," and was consequently baptized by infusion. No one can feel any doubt that the practice enjoined by the *Rituale Romanum* of 1614 is in every way safer, and we cannot be surprised that it has now superseded all contrary usages throughout the western Church.

I have dwelt upon this point at perhaps excessive length in order to illustrate the kind of interest which is provided by so many of the old local rituals. But even in this single matter of Baptism there is plenty of material still left for comment. The curious feature, almost general in the mediæval church, of providing separate sets of exorcisms according to the sex of the infant, or again the ceremony of signing a cross in the palm of the infant's right hand¹ might well call for notice, but I will confine myself to adding a few words upon the question of godfathers and godmothers. In spite of the clear direction of the Council of Trent pronouncing that there ought to be only one sponsor, whether godfather or godmother, or at most a godfather *and* a godmother, the rubrics of the first Douay Manual persistently speak of *patrini* and *matrinæ* (godfathers and godmothers) in the plural, and while calling attention to the prohibition of the canons, nevertheless admit the possibility of "an approved custom" to the contrary, declaring at the same time that there must on no account be more than three. Two short addresses to the godparents are printed in English, both taken unaltered from the earlier Sarum books. The first of these only asks them to say a Pater, Ave and Creed "that

¹ This ceremony, retained in the first Douay Manuals, belonged both to Sarum and to York, and was accompanied with the words: "N. Trado tibi signaculum Domini nostri Jesu Christi in manu tua dextra: ut te signes, et te de adversa parte repellas, et in fide catholica permanas et habeas vitam æternam et vivas in sæcula sæculorum."

we may so minister this blessed Sacrament, that it may be to the pleasure of Almighty God and confusion of our ghostlie enemy and salvation of the soule of this childe." The second, which is of more importance, runs as follows:

Godfathers and Godmothers of this childe, we charge you, that you charge the father and mother to keepe it from fire and water and other perils to the age of seven years; and that you teache, or see it be taught, the *Pater noster*, *Ave Maria* and *Credo*, according to the law of holie Church, and with convenient speede to be confirmed of my Lord of the Diocese, or his deputie; and that the mother bring againe the chrisome at her purification. And wash your hands ere you depart the Church.¹

In the Latin version of this it is directed that the child ought to be presented to the Bishop for confirmation on the first occasion when his Lordship comes anywhere in the neighbourhood, that is to say, within a distance of seven miles.

It is, I think, a fair inference from the direction that the godparents should wash their hands before leaving the church, that the infant at baptism was denuded of its clothing.² It was apparently thought likely that the godparents' hands would have come in contact with those parts of the body of the child which had been anointed, and it was partly in reverence for these anointings that the infant was immediately robed in its "chrisome" (*chrismale*), a cloth which thereby became sanctified, and which the mother was bidden to return to the clergy when she presented herself to be "churched." The reader need hardly be reminded that these white garments of the neophytes conferred after baptism, reach back to the very earliest ages of Christianity, and that the laying aside of these "chrisomes" is recalled in the Latin name for Low Sunday—*Dominica in albis* (s.a. *deponendis*). The neophytes were baptized on Easter-eve and laid aside their white garments on the octave day of Easter.

Much might also be said about the ritual of the marriage service in which the two earlier Douay books present us with the formulæ of Sarum still quite undiluted, but this topic may very well introduce us to the first and most important revision of our Post-Reformation Manual, viz., that printed in quarto form in 1626. By that time, of course, the official *Rituale Romanum* had been issued and had come

¹ *Ordo Baptizandi*, Douay, 1604, p. 25.

² Nearly all the old miniatures and engravings represent the child as nude in the act of baptism.

into general use, moreover the hold of the Catholic missionaries upon the traditional usages of their native land had of necessity weakened by lapse of time. It is not therefore surprising that no attempt was any longer made to perpetuate these customs. The *Ordo Baptizandi* of 1626, as its title-page plainly stated, was extracted from the *Rituale Romanum* of Pope Paul V.¹ With the exception of one item, or possibly two, it contained nothing which was not to be found in the new Roman book. Neither was it very comprehensive. The rite of Baptism with such subsidiary matters as the blessing of the font and the manner of supplying the ceremonies omitted in an emergency Baptism form the first section. The next is devoted to matrimony, and, besides the ceremony itself, it embraces also the churching of women (*Benedictio mulieris post partum*), and a curious blessing for a pregnant woman who is believed to be in danger of death (*Benedictio mulieris prægnantis, de cuius periculo dubitatur*). The presence of this last blessing, which is retained to this day even in the edition of the *Ordo Administrandi* just issued, is rather a puzzle, for it was not in the *Rituale Romanum* of 1614, though added subsequently. At the same time we do find it under another title in the *Liber Sacerdotalis* of 1523,² nearly a century earlier. Another section of the 1626 book takes in Communion of the sick, Extreme Unction, Visitation of the sick, Help of the dying, Burial of the dead and Burial of infants. Finally we have a long section devoted to the Exorcism of possessed persons. This arrangement, it may be said at once, except for the addition of a handful of forms of blessing, remained completely unchanged for a century or more, though there were new impressions in a much smaller format in 1636, 1648 (?), 1683, 1688, and probably several others. We may fairly reckon this as the second edition of the English *Rituale*, and the characteristic feature exhibited in all copies is the absence from the book of any word of English, saving only in the marriage service, where, as we shall see, the Sarum rite was still substantially reproduced. One little peculiarity may be noted belonging to the copies printed without indication of place in MDCXLVII. (*sic*, 1648?). The issue of 1636 had announced itself as

¹ *Ordo Baptizandi aliaque Sacramenta ministrandi et Officia quædam ecclesiastica rite peragendi. Ex Rituali Romano, iussu Pauli PP. Quinti edito, extractus* (No place indicated), 1626.

² The title in the *Liber Sacerdotalis* is "Benedictio foetus in utero matris de cuius periculo dubitatur"; fol. 40.

drawn up "Pro Anglia, Hibernia et Scotia," but that of 1648 transposes the order and gives "Pro Hibernia, Anglia et Scotia," while three tiny little woodcuts on the title-page show in a corresponding position a harp, a rose, and a thistle, each surmounted by a crown.

A revision of some consequence must have been undertaken before 1738, though I am quite unable to determine when, where or by whom. All that I know is that I have before me a small 18mo. volume of 168 pages, which announces itself on the title-page as printed at Paris, *Permissu Superiorum*, 1738,¹ and as extracted from the Roman Ritual for use in England, Ireland, and Scotland. It differs conspicuously from all the previous editions which I have examined in the amount of English which it contains. Even the *Ordo Baptizandi*, etc., very carefully printed in London in red and black by Henry Hills, the King's Printer, in 1686, during the reign of King James II., does not present one word of English anywhere save in the marriage service. But the 1738 book not only translates those portions of the rite of Baptism which more directly concern the godparents, but also several of the prayers, and it further contains an Appendix which includes an English version of the Litany and "Recommendation of a Soul departing" as well as "a Profession of the Catholick Faith," or in other words, the Creed of Pius IV., the reading of which is exacted from all converts when they are received into the Church. In "the Recommendation of a Soul departing" we find for the first time that familiar addition (still retained, one is glad to say, in our new *Ordo Administrandi*), which, with its rubric, runs as follows in the 1738 edition, which I copy:

Then for a Conclusion may be added the following Prayer for the Assistants.

Grant, O God, that while we here lament the Departure of thy Servant, we may ever remember that we are most certainly to follow him. Give us Grace, to prepare for that last Hour, by a good Life, that we may not be surprized by sudden Death, but be ever watching when Thou shalt call, that so with the Spouse we may enter into Eternal Glory. Through Christ our Lord. R. Amen.

This prayer is now perhaps most commonly heard by the

¹ *Ordo Baptizandi aliaque Sacramenta administrandi et Officia quedam Ecclesiastica rite peragendi. Ex Rituali Romano jussu Pauli Quinti edito extractus. Pro Anglia, Hibernia et Scotia. Permissu Superiorum. Paris. Anno Domini, MDCCXXXVIII.*

graveside, where custom permits it to be recited at the conclusion of the Latin prayer which follows upon the *Benedictus*. It may be regretted, perhaps, that the new *Ordo Administrandi* contains no formal recognition of that custom, for although the prayer just cited is printed in English, it occurs only, just as in the Ritual of 1738, at the conclusion of the recommendation of a departing soul. Since 1738, the wording has been somewhat modified in the English books, but it is curious that the Irish *Ordo Administrandi* has asserted its independence by adhering much more closely, as I shall point out in a moment, to the eighteenth century forms. One cannot help suspecting that Dr. John Gother may have been directly or indirectly responsible for this—as I would reckon it—third edition of our manual, but if so, the book must be considerably older than 1738, for Gother died in 1704.

In 1759 a thorough revision of the substance of the ritual itself was undertaken by Bishop Challoner. Going back to the authoritative Roman original, he for the first time incorporated into the book a considerable part of those preliminary instructions which in the *Rituale Romanum* are prefixed to each of its separate sections. The sequence of the parts was also changed in accordance with the same model, the offices, for example, connected with the sick and dying being made to precede those of the Sacrament of Matrimony. In the Order for Baptism only that amount of English appears with which we are familiar in the existing editions, moreover, the book now for the first time assumed its present title, *Ordo administrandi Sacramenta*, etc. Finally an English Appendix of forty-eight pages was added, which, on its separate title-page announced, "contained Instructions and Exhortations proper to be made by Priests in the Administration of the Sacraments and other Ecclesiastical Offices, according to the Spirit of the Church and the Prescriptions of her Canons." With the exception of the "Recommendation of a Departing Soul," this Appendix has been swept away in the manual just issued, and though one may readily admit that the greater part was of no sort of practical use, there were other portions which one is tempted to regret. Of course, Bishop Challoner's unmodified text was redolent of the spirit of the century in which he lived. We need go no further than the first few sentences of this Appendix to appreciate how remote he is from the spirit of our own times. For exam-

ple, his Instruction on the occasion of a Baptism is thus introduced:

If there be any number of persons present the Priest shall deliver himself to them, in the beginning, in the following manner, speaking distinctly and deliberately:

The Sacrament of Baptism, which we are now going to administer, is an ordinance of our Lord Jesus Christ, by means of which we are delivered from the power of Satan, whose slaves we were born by sin, etc.

This continues for six closely-printed pages, and there is another page and a half to be read at the conclusion of the ceremony. Neither can it be said that the revisers of this Appendix who followed upon Challoner, in what, as I reckon, is the fifth edition of our Ritual, helped to improve matters. One can hardly imagine anything more likely to reduce a much tortured invalid to a condition of extreme profanity than the appearance at his bedside of a black-robed figure, who should proceed to read out aloud, to him and at him, the following "Exhortation proper to be made to a sick Person at the first Visit":

Dear Brother (or Sister) I am sincerely grieved to see you reduced to this state of affliction. But as you are sensible that nothing can happen to you but by the appointment or permission of Almighty God, you should consider this sickness as ordained by His divine Providence to promote the sanctification and salvation of your soul. . . .

There are six pages of this, of which I cannot resist quoting the following further specimen:

Wherefore although at present there may be, and are, hopes of your recovery; yet suffer not yourself to be deceived by the usual artifices of Satan to defer your repentance and reconciliation with God to a future day. Depend not on the skill and declarations of your Physicians; for they seldom abandon their patient, or make his danger known to himself till they themselves give up almost all hope of his recovery. And, moreover, notwithstanding all their skill, they very often have been and almost daily are deceived. Reflect how many there have been, who have thought of deferring the reception of the holy Sacrament for one day, yet either did not live to see that day arrive; or if they did, were rendered incapable of executing their resolution. A sudden turn of the disorder has deprived many of the use of their reason, when neither they nor the Physicians expected it, and carried them before the bar of the divine Tribunal in the same state in which their sickness first found them, etc.¹

¹ I quote from the *Ordo Administrandi* of 1788, p. 179.

This exhortation was suppressed in the edition of 1856, and no one, I fancy, can regret its removal. But there were other things in the Appendix which were much more practically useful, and probably not a few of the older clergy will deplore their absence from the new *Ordo*. One of these was the brief instruction which Bishop Challoner composed under the title, "A short exhortation to a woman who comes to be churched after child-bearing."¹ This seems to me to be an admirably compendious and useful explanation of a ceremony which needs some explanation, and the reading of it by the priest from a book, as if it were part of the ceremony, is likely rather to add to, than to detract from, its impressiveness. The same may be said, it seems to me, with even more force, of the exhortation formerly provided to be read after administering the Sacrament of Matrimony. I make no apology for quoting the whole of it with the omission of a few lines which are a little too plain-spoken for modern taste. Challoner prefaced it with the rubric: "After the nuptial benediction has been given the priest agreeably to what is prescribed in the Roman Missal shall make the following exhortation to the new married couple":

You are now joined together in a holy band, made and sanctified by God Himself, and not to be dissolved but by death. You should, therefore, endeavour, with all your power, to preserve and cultivate in your souls the grace of this great Sacrament which you have received and to live up to the sanctity of it in all respects. You must be faithful to each other; you must love each other; you must bear with each other's weaknesses, you must mutually cherish and assist each other; you must endeavour to walk hand-in-hand to heaven. If it should please God hereafter to bless you with children, let it be your first, your immediate care after they are born to make an offering of them to Him; and as soon as possible, let them be washed from their original sin and enrolled amongst the number of His adopted children, by the Sacrament of Baptism; and afterwards in their earliest infancy, as soon as they can speak, begin to teach them the principles of the Christian faith and the duties of a Christian life. Watch over them with carefulness and diligence, keep them out of evil company and the dangerous occasions of sin, and train them up in the fear and love of God, always remembering that you will one day have to give an account to God concerning your discharge of these duties, and if any of them shall perish

¹ It is curious that the exhortation which appears first in Challoner's edition of 1759, was omitted seemingly from 1788 to 1846, was reintroduced in 1856, and has now again been withdrawn in 1915.

through your neglect of giving them a proper education He will require their souls at your hands. Live, therefore, in the fear of God; faithfully observe all His divine commandments; be regular in your public and private devotions; join with one another daily in prayer; observe religiously all the precepts of the Church. And God will always be with you both in life and death, both in time and in eternity; and may the blessing of Almighty God, Father, Son and Holy Ghost, descend upon you and remain always with you. Amen.

These words, so admirably direct and simple, seem to me to be the very model of what it is appropriate for the priest to say on such an occasion. They would not take more than a few minutes to read, and when the officiant has no special gift of eloquence, they are likely to be more to the point and to produce a deeper impression than a more ambitious impromptu discourse. It is interesting to note that the warning about the education of the children is not seemingly contained in Challoner's original draft of 1759, but was added in some later edition.

One other point of interest in Challoner's revision must not be passed over. Although, as has already been pointed out, the offices of the 1626 and all subsequent editions of our Manual were extracted from the *Rituale Romanum*, an exception was made in the case of the marriage service. Here, in accordance with the express desire of the Council of Trent that the laudable marriage customs of each country should be retained, the impressive Sarum formula of the troth-plighting, the giving-away of the bride by her father, the presenting to her of gold and silver, the bridegroom's address, "With this ring I thee wed, this gold and silver I thee give, with my body I thee worship and with all my worldly goods I thee endow," and finally the journey of the ring from finger to finger, have all been preserved to the present day. One special feature, however, which had so far survived, was dropped by Bishop Challoner. It was a peculiarity of the Sarum and York uses that the bridegroom in the putting on of the ring held the right hand of the bride and placed the ring finally upon the fourth finger of that hand. This practice was changed in 1759, explicit reference being made to the usage of Rome. "Observe," says Challoner's new rubric, "that the *Rituale Romanum* directs that the ring should be placed upon the ring finger, not of the right, but of the left hand." This rubric still persisted in the edition of 1788,

but at some time before 1846, it was felt to be no longer necessary, and was withdrawn.

It would be tempting to say something upon that part of the old Sarum ritual of marriage which did undergo change in 1626, the very simple Roman form of consent being substituted for the much more complex question addressed to our pre-Reformation forefathers. The point is interesting, because with it was associated the abolition of the explicit promise of obedience to her husband made by the mediæval bride, and still retained in the Established Church,¹ but this article is already too long to admit of the development which the subject would necessarily require.

Upon one final point I must find space for a brief word, and this also turns on Challoner's revision. Any one who will compare the *Ordo Administrandi* as printed and used in Ireland—I have before me a copy dated 1889 which was produced under the auspices of Archbishop, now Cardinal, Logue—will notice certain differences in the vernacular forms provided, particularly in the Sacrament of Baptism. An English infant, when asked "Dost thou renounce Satan," replies, through his godparents, "I do renounce him," whereas an Irish child says, "I renounce him"; similarly an English baby says, "I do believe," where the Irish replies, "I believe"; and again at the beginning of the rite the English priest asks, "What doth faith bring thee to?" but his Irish brother says, "What does Faith avail thee?" It is sufficient to point out by way of explanation that these differences go back to the eighteenth century and represent, so far as the English variants are concerned, the revision of Bishop Challoner. In Ireland the old forms which appear in the edition of 1738 are still retained, even for example in the "Com-mendation of a departing soul," though in this last case they have been submitted to a process of correction. Probably Challoner's edition, which was printed, if I mistake not, by Meighan, of Drury Lane, London, never had any currency in Ireland, but with us it has been the most epoch-making of all the revisions. Taken as a whole, it was an excellent piece of work, the one drawback being the strange omission of any English forms connected with the deathbed.

HERBERT THURSTON.

¹ On this matter the reader may well be referred to the very careful and accurate study recently published by Dr. Wickham Legg, *On the Retention of the word Obedy in the Marriage Service*.

MISCELLANEA

I CRITICAL AND HISTORICAL NOTES

MASCOTS.

THE fashion for mascots has come in lately, with sufficient *furor* to attract attention. It is not merely that grotesque emblems, such as teddy-bears, are rampant on our motor-cars, but even the troops like to have them as regimental emblems to take to the front. There were actually advertisements for them in the "Personal" columns of the *Times* some few weeks ago. What are we to think of so strange a fashion? Must we regard these mascots as superstitious objects, and point the moral that, in proportion as faith dies out and the sacramental principle is discredited, practices resembling some of our devotions in their outward aspects, but instinct with a very different spirit are sure to spring up to take their place? A school of anthropologists, not now so dominant as it was a decade or so ago, will assure us magisterially that our modern mascots stand in the relation of *parvenus* to the family crests which the custom of ages has rendered venerable, but that both are traceable to the totems of primitive races; and they will read us long and learned dissertations on the religious significance of these. But we do not need to go back so far as that. Whatever may have been the original significance of family crests, for centuries past they have had no other significance than that of emblems which link the members of a family together, and perhaps enshrine memories of family history. And may not an equally innocent interpretation be put upon the use of mascots? It is said that this use, at least in its modern form, originated with a comic opera first put on to the stage in 1880. We have not seen this opera, but, if we grant that in it there was superstitious belief at the root of the practice, it does not follow that that belief always goes with mascots, and we have our doubts whether the mass of those who use them just now have any such accompanying belief, or ascribe more to them than that they have become a fashion to which a little harmless feeling is attached.

One of the *Times* advertisements went into details. The advertiser had lost his own mascot—we forget whether it was

a dog or what—and asked if any reader would give him another to replace it, explaining that he asked for it as a gift because, if he bought it, it might be expected to bring him bad luck, not good. This might seem to be a case in which a real superstitious belief was at the root of the request; and we are far from wishing to deny that mascots may be kept with a real superstitious belief. Still, a more favourable hypothesis is conceivable, namely, that the applicant in question had contracted a mental habit and had not sufficiently reflected on what it involved. There is an episode in a well-known book, Mr. Eden Phillpotts' *Human Boy*, which illustrates what we have in mind. A boy named Ferrers had a piebald rat of which he made a great pet, though it used to get him into trouble with his schoolmaster.

I have got a jolly peculiar feeling for that rat. Its not an ordinary rat. . . . Somehow that rat's a sort of "mascotte" to me. A mascotte's a thing that brings luck. All my best luck's happened since I had it. . . . Something tells me my prosperity and success are bound up in that rat. He's a familiar spirit in fact, like Saul had.

Here we seem to have all the elements of a dangerous superstition, yet we feel that the child, though needing to be warned and corrected, did not really believe in familiar spirits. Other cases occur to the mind, as that of the Vase of Edenhall in Cumberland, to which the *Encyclopædia Britannica* refers in its short notice on *Luck*. This vessel called "the Luck" belongs to the Musgrave family, and bears the legend, "Should this cup break or fall, Farewell the luck of Edenhall." It is but a specimen of the sort of family legend which often attaches to old mansions, and, though strictly interpreted it implies superstitious belief, it may be doubted if that is how it is understood.

Whether one can pronounce so leniently on such beliefs as that the bees will not swarm if not notified of a death in the family by covering the hive with a piece of black cloth; or that harm will come to a person who visits a dead body in the house before burial but neglects to touch it; or that one who carries about his person the caul in which a baby was born will be preserved from drowning, or on numerous other curious customs which peasant-folk are firmly attached to—is open to debate. Or rather we may say that sometimes in such cases there is present the belief in the personal action of

spirits which is the essence of superstition, whilst in other cases this is wanting, and in its place is mere ignorance of the conditions of causality. Still, in any case, one must feel that the use of mascots or similar objects, is unhealthy and unworthy of a Christian country. They have not in themselves any physical properties whereby they can minister to the salvation or prosperity of the possessor, and hence, whatever be the mind of the latter, they imply that he is attributing to them an agency which they could only have if employed as instruments by some evil spirit. That in itself is enough to make them unseemly, and one has further to consider that, containing as they do this implication, they tend to lure on those who use them into a formal acceptance of the superstition.

And here we are brought back to the point of contact between practices of this sort and what are called by the Catholic Church sacraments and sacramentals. This point of contact is in the habit natural, indeed invincible, in man to express his thoughts and emotions, not merely in the language of direct speech, but, on more solemn occasions, also in that of symbol. Thus, if an earthly ruler wishes to invest any of his subjects with a dignity or office, as by creating him a knight or appointing him to the charge of some portion of his dominions, inevitably he does so through the instrumentality of some appropriate and significative rite, as by laying a sword upon the knight's shoulder or delivering the emblems of the viceregal office. And so when God wishes to bestow some spiritual grace or power upon His earthly children He institutes rites of baptism or ordination, which signify in a way appreciable to the senses the interior and invisible gifts they are receiving in their souls from His supreme power, which makes use of these external ceremonies as His instruments. And so, too, the Church, following the analogy of the rule thus set, institutes her sacramentals, her holy water, her incense and lights, her medals and scapulars; not in any notion that they too, like the sacraments, can become channels of divine grace to the soul, for to achieve this is beyond her power, but that they may assist devotion by vividly symbolizing the sacred things which God has in store for us, and will bestow in response to our prayer. There is no suspicion of superstition or magic here, for the power to which the worshipper is taught to look is the power of the omnipotent God, and the association between the divine power

and the ritual symbol is not that of any physical causality, but only of a moral connexion, that, namely, of the will of God, who condescending to the nature of man, deigns to associate the bestowal of His graces with a use of symbols that comes home to man's nature. And that men easily understand this method is evident from their readiness to avail themselves of the symbols and the correctness with which they can explain and justify their use, at all events, when interrogated by those who can interpret their halting language. Does not the practice of our Catholic soldiers, indeed, not only of our Catholic soldiers, afford a striking illustration of the character of these Catholic symbols in their contrast with that of these unmeaning mascots? Ask the soldier who puts trust in his mascot what is the ground of his confidence. He can give you no intelligible answer. Ask the Catholic soldier, who attaches importance to the crucifix or medal he bears about his person, and he will tell you at once, that it is the badge of the trust he puts in the protection of His crucified Lord or the intercession of the Blessed Virgin. And so too, though perhaps with less clearness, will those non-Catholic soldiers answer, who not unfrequently, learning from some Catholic friends, have begged to be provided with such a badge and to be instructed in its meaning.

S. F. S.

THE IMAGINATION AND THE CINEMATOGRAPH.

"THE cinematograph, ladies and gentlemen, is a stimulus to the imagination, and, in my opinion, this is the real secret of its success." With these words the chairman closed the evening's proceedings, and, after his services had been acknowledged by some desultory applause, scarcely audible amidst the noise of shuffling feet, and of chairs shifted suddenly on the uneven floor, we trooped out into the wet street.

It had been a depressing meeting; we, school-teachers, members of care-committees, helpers at Happy Evenings, etc., had been invited by the North West London Association for Social Betterment, to consider the question of the influence of the cinematograph on the youth of England. There had been various speakers, and the subject had been discussed from the moral, the hygienic, and the educational, point of view; I say discussed for such is the conventional term, but

as is customary at these meetings, the proceedings resolved themselves into a few ordered truisms from the official speakers, followed by a few disconnected platitudes from the audience.

The moral dangers of the cinematograph were fully allowed; but with proper censorship and, possibly, with future regulations as to the restriction of children of school age from attending the ordinary picture-palace, it was considered that these dangers might be obviated; on the other hand, the cinematograph might be pressed into the service of morality, and used as a means of inculcating a love of virtue in the young.

On the hygienic side of the question, there was no doubt that hot rooms, and exhausted air, were injurious to the health of children, but these drawbacks might be met by careful regulations and strict supervision of all picture-palaces. The flickering of the films was obviously bad for the eyesight, but this evil would soon disappear with the perfecting of the mechanism of the pictures.

Then from the educational standpoint; although until now the possibilities of the cinematograph in this direction had been much neglected, there was no reason why it should not become a great force for instilling knowledge into the young; in geography, natural and political history, and in science its help would be incalculable. One teacher here ventured to remark that knowledge cheaply gained was not really acquired, and that, though the cinematograph might serve to impart information, it could not be considered as an aid to education. It was already growing late when this one discordant note was sounded; no one present was prepared to enter into an argument which might require some exercise of thought, so the chairman, having ascertained that "no other lady or gentleman wished to contribute anything further to this interesting subject," brought the proceedings to a close in the manner I have already described.

To judge by the faces of the audience as they hurried into the street, the meeting had had a numbing effect on their intellectual faculties, but on me it had also cast a despondency with which I felt incapable of wrestling. My dislike of the cinematograph had ever been instinctive, unreasoning and consistent; instinctive, for I had felt it to be a curse, unreasoning, since I had been unable to assign any cause for this conviction; consistent, for this dislike had known no abatement and allowed of no exception. "Photo-

graphy is bad enough," I mused, "with its mechanical reproduction of shape and proportion, but the cinematograph, which spares us even the trouble of picturing movement . . . "; and now I was called upon to believe in it in the name of imagination, in the name of that quality which is so distinctively human, since it is unneeded by spirits and unattained by beasts.

I walked briskly home; I must rid myself somehow of this nightmare feeling. Hurriedly I took off my hat and coat and entered my sitting-room; as I turned on the light, my eye fell on a framed reproduction of Albert Dürer's woodcut of a rhinoceros, representing the first animal of that species brought to Europe by Prince Henry of Portugal. I looked as ever with fresh delight on the rough hide, to which the artist had given the appearance of a complete set of mediæval armour, beautifully embossed and ornamented, and as I gazed I seemed to see immense African forests, inhabited by beasts of which this was the least strange, and by human beings black and terrible, some with their heads set below their shoulders, some of gigantic stature, others dwarfs and pigmies; there were rivers, too, golden with the precious metal which lined their beds. Then I saw brave men, full of that splendid vitality which engenders indifference to death, sailing to these wonderful lands on seas which had not known the keel of a ship; some I saw die awful deaths at the hands of savages hardly human; others returning, bringing with them strange spoils and filling Europe with tales of the marvellous worlds which were still to be explored. But I was wandering from my rhinoceros with the embossed hide; surely I had seen a truer representation of this beast a few days ago; of course, I remembered now, it was at the cinematograph of the "African Hunt"; there, the rhinoceros, divested of his mediæval armour, had come down to a hole to drink, afterwards he had been shot in a desolate place by a man in khaki, whilst another man took photographs of him; and a small boy had said: " 'E's dead; 'ow, I s'y, Jack Johnson's next; 'e'll be sport."

I turned to my book-case, took out the first volume that came to my hand, and opened it at random. "There was a ship, quoth he"; and straightway I saw the Ancient Mariner on his little upright vessel as it stood firmly on the stagnant ocean; the sun was glaring down on him, and on his dying comrades, whilst at his heart gnawed the awful thought that

it was he who had brought this agony on all. "Water, water everywhere, nor any drop to drink"; and I saw the soul that has turned from God and finds itself surrounded by all possible delights and pleasures, not one of which can slake its insatiable thirst; horrible fearsome thoughts "like slimy things" pursue it relentlessly. The man seems lost, the despair of Hell is creeping on him; then one tiny inspiration comes, a spark of grace to which he responds; "the self-same moment I could pray." It was the old story of the Prodigal, of God's untiring patience with the sinner, of the many divers ways in which His grace touches our hearts. . . . Truly my thoughts were everywhere to-night; here I was making a meditation on God's mercy and my starting point had been a ship becalmed. Had I not seen lately the picture of a large vessel lying on a still sea, its outline well defined, the name *Titanic* on its bows? The great ship scarcely moved, but there was excitement and hurrying on the decks; gradually she began to sink, and presently subsided under the waters, carrying with her hundreds of victims. "Ow, it's gorn down," said the shrill voice of a child, "wot's next? 'A Lover's Crime'; now we'll 'ave some fun."

I pulled myself together; it was getting late, I had work to get through and the last half-hour had been spent in idle dreaming. Yet somehow I felt that the time had not been entirely wasted; these disjointed thoughts had helped me to form a conclusion: the instinctive horror I had conceived for the cinematograph was justified. It might be possible to defend it morally and educationally, but there was one grave charge of which it was guilty, it had an enervating influence on the imagination, and for this crime there could be no forgiveness.

D. Z.

A WORD ON ANGLICAN ORDERS.

WE have been asked by some inquirers to comment on a letter of Mr. Lacey's about the somewhat dreary question of Anglican Orders, which is published in the *Church Times* for June 18th. We do so reluctantly, for the less we have of controversy during war time the better, and besides, the question has already been sufficiently threshed out, for instance, in the *Vindication*, or Letter explanatory of the Bull *Apostolicae Curae*, which the Catholic Bishops

of England addressed to the Archbishops of Canterbury and York in reply to the *Responsio* of those two Anglican prelates, in 1898. If those who are exercised by arguments like those of Mr. Lacey would turn to the *Vindication* they would find in it all they require to throw light on the question.

Mr. Lacey's letter is in answer to a question put at a recent meeting by two Catholics, or rather on their behalf. The question was to this effect: "Were not all references to the Holy Sacrifice deliberately omitted from the Anglican Ordinal, and does not this prove that there is no intention of ordaining priests to offer sacrifice?"

Mr. Lacey states the principle involved as follows:

How shall we test the sufficiency of a rite of ordination? There is only one test. A rite used by the Catholic Church is certainly sufficient. A rite used by heretics or schismatics must be tested by comparison with rites used by the Catholic Church. If it conforms closely enough to one or more of such rites, if it contains barely what is common to all such rites, it will be sufficient. Failing this degree of conformity, it will be at least doubtful, and the Catholic Church cannot in practice accept as valid the Orders conferred by its use.

The contention that a rite which contains barely what is the common element in a collection of sufficient rites is itself sufficient, though speculatively true, is somewhat hazardous. In other respects this statement of principles is very fair. But on this basis Mr. Lacey claims that, as Anglicans "assume that the English Church is part of the Catholic Church . . . we can entertain no doubt as to the sufficiency of the English rite of ordination. It is a rite used in the Catholic Church. That is conclusive."

This is indeed a facile method of reasoning, but it may be doubted if it is likely to inspire confidence save in minds constituted like Mr. Lacey's own. There would be something in it, we own, if the Anglican Church's claim to Catholicity were as universally accepted as it is in fact universally rejected by the other Churches throughout the world, whose claim to Catholic status is beyond dispute. As things are, what if any members of the Anglican communion come to have doubts, as so many of them are apt to have in these days, as to the validity of its claim to Catholicity? How are these to be convinced of the sufficiency of Anglican Orders?

However, Mr. Lacey will say, as in fact he does, that he concedes this, and accordingly, in his letter, he finally comes

down to a lower level, and opposes a direct negative to the questioner's contention, that in Cranmer's Ordinal, all previous references to the Holy Sacrifice were deliberately excised. That is to say, he suggests that there may have been other reasons for these excisions of passages clearly enunciating the character of this Sacrifice, as the Catholic Church has always understood it; and that at all events there is sufficient affirmation of this sacrificial character still to be found in the present text, if not of Cranmer's Ordinal, at all events of the Anglican Communion Service, to administer which Anglican clergymen are ordained by this rite.

It is difficult to conceive what other reasons there could have been for all these excisions save that horror of the Sacrifice of the Mass, which finds such frequent and fervent expression in the writings of Cranmer and his associates, and caused them, simultaneously with its introduction into use, to overturn the Catholic altars throughout the land. Nor do the citations which Mr. Lacey gives from the Anglican Communion Service prove anything to the contrary. It is true that this Service in one of its prayers is called a "sacrifice," in the sense of "our bounden duty and service," and again, "a sacrifice of praise and thanksgiving." But the whole question is whether what is held to be offered in sacrifice is the Body and Blood of Christ, and there is no indication of this in the Communion Service, which in the one place where it does specify what is offered, declares it to be our own "souls and bodies" ["and here we offer and present unto thee, O Lord, ourselves, our souls and bodies, to be a reasonable, holy, and lively sacrifice unto thee"]. And that is in accordance with what a whole catena of standard Anglican divines have laid down, as may be seen in the quotations from their works given in the *Vindication*.

We cannot do better than end this note with the passage in which the *Vindication* sums up on this branch of the subject:

A certain kind of sacrifice and priesthood, then [the Anglican] Church, as represented by its standard divines, has persistently claimed to possess; it proves, however, on examination to be such not in the literal and Catholic sense of the term, but only metaphorically. The human mind delights in tracing analogies, and it has been the custom in all ages to call the heart's self-surrender, with its offerings of praise and prayer and service, by the name of sacrifice, because these things are of the nature of gifts which

involve cost to self. Scripture itself uses this language, and we are far, therefore, from objecting to it. On the contrary we employ it very generally ourselves. It is important, however, to bear in mind that figurative language is figurative, and not to confound resemblances with realities. The true Sacrifice and Priesthood—that is to say, the Sacrifice in which the true Body and Blood of Christ is sacrificed and offered, and the Priesthood which is endowed with the power to consecrate and offer it—the [Anglican] Church, speaking through the same representatives, has, with equal persistency and in the most stringent terms, repudiated altogether.

There is a still more important defect in the Anglican Ordinal which Mr. Lacey's argument leaves out of account. The Bull *Apostolicae Curae* does indeed charge the Cranmer's Ordinal with revealing its false intention by excising all the previous affirmations of the sacrificial character of the priesthood. But the most radical defect it finds in it is that it lacks in its "essential form" words sufficient to determine definitely the nature of the Order to be conveyed.

S. F. S.

II TOPICS OF THE MONTH

The Intervention of Italy.

Italy, always a reluctant member of the Triple Alliance, has at last definitely broken with her partners. After formally denouncing her connection with Austria on May 4th she declared war on that Power on May 24th. By this act she is of course committed to hostility against Austria's allies as well. Her intervention is welcome, and Signor Salandra's statement of her *casus belli* sufficiently justifies it. It is significant of the fogginess of modern ethics that the necessity of a morally sound *casus belli* to save war from being criminal is ignored by a great many writers. A noted Italian scholar in a letter to the *Times* (June 17th) mentions, without any sign of reprobation, amongst the motives which roused the Italians to war, "the desire to get at Austria, to avenge the martyrs of Bellfiori and the indignities of the 'bankeraus' at Milan," etc., and again "the lively hope to demonstrate the value of Italian arms and to win the Trentino and Trieste, *not by negotiation*, but by the sword." Lastly, the writer specifies as "deeper still in the heart of the people a revolt against the arrogance, the inhumanity, the cruelty—the 'barbarism,' in short—of the Germanic Powers in their conduct of this

war." Now, of these three motives, only the last can conceivably be held to justify war. Neither revenge nor ambition has any due place in the objects that may excuse this terrible resolve. We are prepared to grant that German methods of warfare and the certain damage to Christian civilization of the triumph of German political ideals form at this stage of the campaign colourable grounds for the intervention of neutrals, but the other motives alleged above are merely the progeny of militarism—a pagan philosophy which, as we have often said, has deeply infected the whole modern mind.

**The Independence
of the
Holy See.**

Many events of the war, especially the initial tearing up of a scrap of paper, recall the iniquities perpetrated in 1870 against the Holy See, the integrity of whose possessions were guaranteed by more than one international treaty. But this latest phase serves to bring into prominence the ineffectiveness of the provisions which were intended to reconcile the Pope to the loss of his dominions. The Italian "Law of Guarantees" of 1871 professed to secure the moral and material independence of the Pontiff and of his Court, as also the most complete and unfettered freedom of intercourse with the Catholic world. But now the Italian State finds itself unable to make good these promises. The patriotism of the Holy Father and the good sense of the German and Austrian Ambassadors have obviated a public and formal acknowledgment of this inability. The Ambassadors have withdrawn of their own accord to Switzerland, and the Pope, in order not to embarrass the State at this crisis, has consented to a serious interference with his powers of free communication with his subjects. But the lesson is too plain to be lost, indicating at once the prescience of the Papacy in its refusal to acknowledge the adequacy of the Law of Guarantees, and the necessity of making better provision, in reconstructed Europe, for the real sovereignty and independence of the Holy See.

**The Bryce
Report.**

The Report of Lord Bryce's "Committee on Alleged German Outrages" makes terrible reading, and the Appendix, which gives in detail the informations on which the Report is founded, multiplies a hundredfold the painful impressions caused thereby. From the first, Belgium was treated as a German province in rebellion, civilian rights to life, property, honour, liberty, and bodily integrity were systematically violated, in nearly every point the laws of honourable warfare were set aside—the whole procedure forming a lurid commentary on the German Army Order that "to prevent surprise attacks" examples of "frightfulness" must be created as a warning to the whole country.

The Report tells us nothing new: a Belgian commission earlier in the war drew up a sworn record for presentation to the United States: the French Ministry also issued an official protest to the Powers after the first month of fighting: our papers and war-pamphlets kept us well informed of the countless barbarities which marked the German advance, and which still disfigure her occupation of Belgium. But the very number and rapid succession of these atrocities dull in time the public appreciation of them, just as the *Lusitania* outrage blurred the memory of the *Falaba*, and the value of this sober, well-authenticated selection from the criminal acts of the German soldiery lies in its keeping alive the memory of what we have been saved from and what we have to make good.

Sensible as they are [say the Commissioners] of the gravity of these conclusions, the Committee conceive that they would be doing less than their duty if they failed to record them as fully established by the evidence. Murder, lust, and pillage prevailed over many parts of Belgium on a scale unparalleled in any war between civilised nations during the last three centuries.

And they conclude with the hope that "as soon as the present war is over, the nations of the world in council will consider what means can be provided and sanctions devised to prevent the recurrence of such horrors as our generation is now witnessing."

The Spiritual Combat.

Only Christian morality can rightly develop the individual character. Even though he does not accept the Christian sanctions a man must follow the Christian standard in order to lead

a decent and honourable life. Similarly, only Christianity can keep the community at large from lapsing into the barbarism from which Christianity raised it. Once the State, in defiance of Christianity, is set in the place of God there follow necessarily all the abominations of German militarism. Everything is lawful which tends to exalt the State. That end justifies every means,—the enslavement of citizens, the plunder of strangers, despotism at home and hostility abroad. Atheism inspires the German war-code both in theory and in practice: morality must yield to military necessity. But alas! has not practical atheism for long inspired the mutual dealings of all nations and the domestic policy of many? What likelihood is there, unless public opinion is meanwhile inspired by the ideal of Christian justice, of that spirit presiding over the future Peace Council? To speak of our own nation only—has God's scourge of war during these eleven months produced a noticeable return to Him on the part of the British people? That Christians have been made more obviously Chris-

tian may be admitted, in view of the constant stream of contributions to charitable funds, and the no less remarkable stream of recruits to the armies that stand between us and destruction. But non-Christians and anti-Christians have also received a stimulus. Never were the devotees of mammon more active, exploiting the citizen and trading with the enemy. Nearly all the industrial unrest has been caused by the workers' suspicions, to which their past experience makes them only too prone, that the product of their increased energies may benefit the employer rather than the State. And in the region of theory the immoralists of our day have been more actively engaged than ever in sapping the foundations of the Christian State. We have the scandal of the Co-operative Women's Guild agitating for divorce, the movement to condone illegitimacy¹ and to throw a halo of romance around its unsavoury cause, the unpatriotic attacks by Labour-leaders and Rationalists on British honour and good faith in regard to the war, the partial recrudescence of the party-spirit in the press. Before a Christian solution to our troubles can be hoped for, much must be done to convert the pagan in our midst.

**The
Mobilization
of Faith.**

A correspondent in the *Times* (June 19th) pleads for a mobilization of the nation's spiritual forces, feeling that, since the first enthusiasm of August last, "our faith has wavered and our light has failed." In a Catholic land spiritual forces would be mobilized by united prayer and sacrifice, as in mediæval towns when the Saracen was at the gates or the Black Death in the streets. But how is the idea of intercessory sacrifice to be revived in a nation to which it has been strange for three and a half centuries? And how can prayer be common when belief is divergent and unbelief rampant? Still, much can be done to keep prominent the spiritual issues for which we are waging this war—freedom, justice, fidelity, morality in general, and finally peace and international harmony. These things are easily forgotten and replaced by a mere vulgar desire for dominance, by feelings of racial hatred, or commercial greed, or personal revenge, till we sink to the level of those whose vices we are supposed to be fighting, and become slaves to their spirit even when we conquer their armies. There is too much talk to-day of reprisals. It is easy to pass from the use of poisonous gas, which *in itself* is no more to be blamed on the score of causing unnecessary suffering than the use of high explosive shells, to

¹ Listen to that eminent ethical authority, the Editor of the *English Review*, that favourite arena for the loose-thinkers of our time—"For the time being," he cries, "there are no laws . . . for the while there is no morality in our modern civilization." Is this, one wonders, a man to lecture the Germans?

the bombing of the civil inhabitants of undefended towns, which is a breach of morality as well as of convention. Towards the end of May a startling advertisement appeared in the Press, announcing the formation of an Anti-German League, which has for aim the eternal boycotting of the German nation and everything German, and which affords an excellent illustration of the moral declension we have spoken of. The founder of this preposterous organization aims at mobilizing the hatred and fear and commercial cupidity of the country for an ignoble crusade against a considerable section of the earth's inhabitants, who, however at present misled by their rulers and ill-served by their soldiers, are yet God's creatures, made for the same supernatural destiny as ourselves. That is not the spirit which wins victories or rightly uses victory when won. We have to oppose a Christian mentality to that which we see embodied in the Prussianized hosts against us. *In hoc signo vincemus.*

A Democratic War-Loan.

The issue of the new War Loan expounded by the Chancellor of the Exchequer on June 21st may be regarded as a triumph to the political sagacity of Mr. Belloc. That acute thinker pointed out,¹ on the occasion of the raising of the November War Loan, that the Government then had an unexampled opportunity of raising many members of the property-less citizens of this country to the position of capitalists by issuing the loan in small denominations. Hitherto public loans have been limited to capitalists by making the minimum allotment £100. Thus the capitalist comes to the aid of the common need but to his own personal benefit, and the whole community (himself, of course, included), is taxed to secure this benefit to him *in perpetuum*. The State is helped, but the non-capitalist alone makes sacrifice for the common good. These were, in fact, the terms of the November Loan, as Mr. Belloc in a postscript to his article had to lament. "It is," he said, "perhaps the chief error in modern English history. And it is now irredeemable."

Happily, that last assertion has proved unfounded. The new War Loan is issued in a form which gives ample scope for the small investor, terms which were sketched by Mr. Belloc in his article in almost as many words. Small bonds of £5 and £25 may be obtained without brokerage at the Post Office, "War Loan Vouchers," price 5s., are purchasable, not only at the Post Office, but through Trade Unions, Friendly Societies, and other similar bodies, and these investments bear interest at $4\frac{1}{2}\%$, so that Savings Bank deposits, which yield but a low rate of interest, can with profit be withdrawn and transferred to the new Loan. Never has such incentive been offered to thrift, never such

¹ In the *British Review*, December, 1914.

opportunities provided for a class hitherto dependent on personal labour and at the mercy, therefore, of the vicissitudes of health and trade, to have a stake in the country, to become stockholders, to join, in fact, the ranks of the capitalists. The effect should be far-reaching and permanent. Socialism, as we know, aims at removing capital from private hands altogether: the multiplication of small owners produced by this democratic War Loan should have the direct, if somewhat unlooked-for, result of checking the growth of this economic heresy.

**The Economics
of
Economy.**

Investment is thus made easy in order to promote economy. We are told that to save and lend the State our savings is part of our duty as citizens in the present crisis. The available wealth of the community, which is one form of its strength, consists of the excess of the money that enters and remains in the country over that which goes out of it. In war time many foreign markets are closed, and much home-production ceases: hence, we have to import more and export less, and the margin of our wealth decreases. The more we can live on home-production and the less we spend on imported goods the better, as money is thus kept in the country, available for the country's needs. Again, the less that is spent on mere luxury or waste, expended, that is, in a manner which gives no proportionate advantage in return, the richer will the country remain. Luxury, extravagance, always injure a country's resources. They create industries, it is true, and give employment, but such industries are parasitic. The planning of a new town and the burning of an old would alike give a stimulus to the building trade, but only the former would add to the country's wealth.

But the best form of economy is to avoid idleness. The distinction between the working and leisured classes, always objectionable as disguising the fact that no one is properly exempt from labour of some description, becomes doubly obnoxious in times of war. War is now a national concern, not to be waged by a professional caste but by the whole people. The working-class should now include all citizens capable of work. Not long ago, a noble Lord reminded his colleagues in the Peers that it was no use inveighing against the idleness of the lower classes whilst so many of the wealthy were still immersed in their usual pleasures. *Noblesse oblige*. He reminded them that what they called the workers had exactly the same right to idle and amuse themselves and live without labour as the rich; in other words, that there was no room, either in God's scheme of things or in a well-ordered State, for a class of drones, *fruges consumere nati*. This, at least, the war is teaching us, and the lesson holds for times of peace as well.

**"Let them
fetch me."**

We are at a loss to understand the spirit of the men, said by advocates of conscription to be very numerous in the country, whose attitude towards military service is expressed in the phrase—"If they want me, let them fetch me." They are said to be willing to go—if they are compelled: they have not the manliness to choose for themselves. Surely the Government has exhausted every device, descending even to the ludicrous and vulgar, to assure all capable men that they *are* wanted. It is not ignorance of their country's need that paralyzes these shirkers but moral inability to make the sacrifice called for. "Why, should I do what Tom, Dick, and Harry here are not doing?" is their silent or even outspoken reflection, whereas a less self-regarding spirit would ask—"Why should I not do what so many in the fighting line are doing?" In a sense their conduct is natural, for it is natural for man to be selfish, but it is a mistake to quote it, as so many do, as reasonable or even commendable. The spirit that needs physical compulsion to answer the call of duty is not one to encourage. Man's true dignity and freedom consists in being led by his conscience, which transmits to him the voice of God.

**Problems
of
Catholicism.**

There are many issues raised by the war which are of peculiar interest to us as Catholics. One of these is the future of the Holy Places when the grasp of the infidel has been at last removed from them. Are they to come under the yoke of the schismatic, or is Christendom at length to have free access to its birthplace? A weighty letter to the *Tablet* (June 12th) opens up this important question for Catholic consideration. Another matter is the future of Catholicism in Poland and the Balkans when Orthodox influence becomes permanent there. Already our Anglican neighbours are beginning to anticipate and rejoice at the damage to Catholicism which will result from Russian politico-religious persecution. A timely article in *Studies*,¹ a quarterly which grows more valuable with each issue, by Dr. Adrian Fortescue, deals lucidly with the whole complex problem, and ends with the hopeful note that Russia, too, will learn from war to respect liberty of conscience and rule her new dependencies by good-will rather than by force.

The future of German Catholicism, when, as we all hope, the Prussian ideal is shattered for ever, is treated incidentally in the same journal by Father Egan, S.J. His thoughtful paper has just that atmosphere of detachment and discrimination which war, to the detriment of true judgment, tends to destroy. He reminds us of the two spirits in Germany, and points out that the

¹ "Russia and the Catholic Church," *Studies*, June, 1915.

spirit which met and worsted Bismarck in the height of his power is the antithesis of the State-worship dominant to-day. On the recovery or reassertion of the ideals of Windhorst, whatever be the fortunes of the outer conflict, will depend the welfare of religion in Germany in time to come.

However keen his patriotism, such questions as these must take the first place in the Catholic's interest. The little individual kingdoms of this world are only means for the better establishment of the Kingdom of God on earth. But we serve it in serving them. Our duty as citizens is to support our State in the pursuit of justice and all right dealing—a duty which can never conflict with our higher allegiance to Almighty God.

**Protestantism
in
Belgium.**

The little Protestant Societies—"Daughters of the Horse Leech," Mr. Britten calls them—which collect such big incomes from their dupes for the unlovely work of proselytizing and otherwise assailing "Romanism," have to some extent diverted their energies into more worthy channels, and are doing something to help our Belgian guests. But bigotry, as well as charity, is apparently still their motive. In an advertisement in the Press, the "Protestant Alliance," which says its expenses per week are over £150, appeals for funds to succour the Refugees. "We help, irrespective of Denomination." That is as it may be. But the advertisement goes on to make a statement which in the interests of historical accuracy we make bold to question. "In Belgium before the war," it runs, "there were 3,000,000 non-Catholics, 400,000 of whom were Protestants." What a Society, which helps "irrespective of Denomination," hopes to effect by this assertion we do not stay to inquire: the authority for the figures is what interests us. Since 1891 there has been no religious census in Belgium. In that year, out of a population of 6 millions, there were about 28,000 Protestants, 13,000 Jews, and, no doubt, a much greater number of indifferentists. Doubtless, all those numbers have since increased with the growth of the population ($7\frac{1}{2}$ millions in 1912), but we cannot estimate the amount. However, we have some indication of the present relative proportions of creeds from the clerical statistics, which are given as follows (for 1913)—Catholic clergy, 5,779 (including 85 prelates); Protestant pastors, 33; Jews (rabbis and ministers), 14. Moreover, the State-subsidies to the clergy amounted in the same year to—Catholics, 7,318,200 francs; Protestants, 117,000 francs; Jews, 32,000 francs. Thus, according to the "Protestant Alliance" figures, the average congregation of each Pastor would be something over 10,000. Our statistics are from the *Statesman's Year Book*: the others presumably come from that inexhaustible source, the Protestant polemic imagination.

**An Anglican
"Social"
Magazine.**

We have to glance through every month a large number of magazines, some of which are more interesting than others. Of the former few give one more fresh food for thought than Canon Scott Holland's now quite venerable monthly *The Commonwealth*, a "Christian Social Magazine." This would be the case if it did nothing more than reflect the brilliant, highly-strung and often provocative personality of its founder and editor. But it provides further a liberally-opened forum for many young, aspiring and fervid writers, whose work is generally suggestive, if too often lacking in ballast. Naturally, we cannot be expected to agree with our contemporary on certain subjects of the deepest import. In its social propaganda, however, we find the *Commonwealth* not only interesting but fruitful in suggestion, even where we cannot always follow it in detail. Its treatment of the Irish question all last year had the singular merit of being at once sympathetic and judicial. Its numerous articles in general literature and *belles-lettres*, too, are remarkably above the level of their kind.

**The
"Commonwealth"
and
the War.**

But the *Commonwealth* has been of special interest since the outbreak of the war. In the past it has dabbled a good bit in "pacifism," perhaps not more than most of us who cast about among all the possible alternatives for forestalling and preventing the horrors that have since come to pass. Canon Holland's view still is that "in this most disgusting war," war in general "has exposed its own unredeemed iniquity." But the only result to-day is that "it is the Pacifist who finds himself compelled to ask for the hardest terms of peace." For until the temper we see before us is broken, "there can be no hope for the world's peace; all the horror of a peace armed to the teeth would repeat itself." Our contemporary deduces the same lesson from the German practice in detail of war. "The logic of Hell has reached its limit." "We could never induce ourselves to believe what war is until the Germans took it in hand." It might well be objected that this is a complete misrepresentation; that the horrors have come to pass precisely because the Germans have violated the rules of warfare, not pushed them to their logical conclusion. But in the practical issue we believe that the interpretation of the *Commonwealth* works out right. The essential weakness of the "rules of warfare" is that under the stress of practice they tend not to curb excess but themselves to break under its pressure. We trust and believe that when the time of testing comes the Allied forces will successfully resist that pressure. But of the tendency and the danger the German practice is the more significant indication.

III NOTES ON THE PRESS

[A summary survey of current periodicals with a view to recording useful articles which 1) expound Catholic doctrine and practice, 2) expose heresy and bigotry, and 3) are of general Catholic interest.]

CATHOLIC DOCTRINE AND PRACTICE.

Christ, Rationalist views about [W. Drum, S.J., in *Ecclesiastical Review*, Dec. 1914, p. 743; Jan. 1915, p. 100; June, 1915, p. 735].

Hell, The Modern revolt against [M. Kenny in *America*, May 22, 1915, p. 144].

Miracle: Determinist Arguments against [J. de Tonquédec in *Etudes*, June 5, 1915, p. 305]. Anti-miraculous Presuppositions [S. F. Smith, S.J., in *Month*, July, 1915, p. 1].

Rituals, English, old and new [H. Thurston, S.J., in *Month*, July, 1915, p. 60].

War, Teaching of the Gospels about [Antonio Bellomo in *Rivista Internazionale*, May 31, 1915, p. 3]. Christian Philosophy of [A. Bernareggi in *La Scuola Cattolica*, June, 1915, p. 128].

CATHOLIC DEFENCE.

Anglicanism, The Latest Portent of, The Society of SS. Peter and Paul discussed [H. S. Dean in *Month*, July, 1915, p. 36].

Birth-Control, Immorality of [P. J. Blakeley in *America*, June 5, 1915, p. 210; Dr. J. A. Ryan, *ibid.* p. 200; A. O'Malley, *ibid.* June 12, 1915, p. 223].

Chesterton's "Orthodoxy" as Apologetic [Condé B. Pallen in *America*, May 29, 1915, p. 181].

Maria Monk: her story as illustrating Protestant prejudice [J. J. Walsh in *Catholic World*, June, 1915, p. 321].

POINTS OF CATHOLIC INTEREST.

Alsace-Lorraine, Legal Position of Catholicism in [F. Erman in *Revue du Clergé Français*, June 1, 1915, p. 385].

Belgium: Freedom of Education in [J. Bricout in *Revue du Clergé Français*, June 1, 1915, p. 407]. The Catholic Party in [J. Bricout in *Revue du Clergé Français*, June 15, 1915, p. 481].

Capital Punishment: Statistics and discussion [A. O'Malley in *America*, May 29, 1915, p. 171].

Child-birth, The Ethics of "Twilight Sleep" [A. O'Malley in *America*, June 5, 1915, p. 193].

France, In defence of: to Catholic neutrals [P. Batiffol in *Le Correspondant*, April 25, 1915].

Galicia: Religious strife in [F. A. Palmieri in *Catholic World*, June, 1915, p. 360].

Irish Clergy and Social Action [J. Kelleher in *Studies*, June, 1915, p. 169].

Lueger, Karl, and Viennese municipal enterprise [P. J. Connolly in *Studies*, June, 1915, p. 226].

Medicated Wines: The harmful nature of [*Irish Ecclesiastical Record*, June, 1915, p. 654].

Péguy, Charles, Appreciation of [E. M. Walker in *Month*, July, 1915, p. 41].

Prohibition, Its failure in Maine [W. J. Lockington in *Studies*, June, 1915, p. 286].

Russia and the Catholic Church [A. Fortescue in *Studies*, June, 1915, p. 184].

Ruthenian Question, The [Foraneus in *The Ecclesiastical Review*, June, 1915, p. 645].

REVIEWS

I—MARUCCHI'S CHRISTIAN EPIGRAPHY¹

THE delay in our notice of this admirable little handbook has been due solely to accidental neglect, and in no way to a want of appreciation of its merits. Dr. Marucchi's high standing in Rome, where he is professor of Christian Archæology at the Royal University, is alone a sufficient guarantee of his competence, and the larger works which he has published, both in Italian and French, particularly his well-known *Éléments d'archéologie chrétienne*, in three volumes, must have given him a good deal of practical experience as to what it is desirable to include in the programme of a manual of this kind. His main purpose, as he tells us in his Preface, has been to provide the student with a classified collection of inscriptions, not exclusively those found in the catacombs, nor even confined to those of Roman origin. Thus a full account is given both of the Pectorius tablet and of that of Abercius, though the one comes from Autun and the other from Phrygia. Whether the Clematius inscription has also been included we have not been able to make out; for, to say the truth, one of the drawbacks of the work is the absence of an index. This is probably due to the size of the volume, which, partly owing to the presence of a number of illustrations and facsimiles on plate-paper, partly to the fact that the whole book is printed on paper which is stiff and highly-glazed, is already of inconvenient bulk. If a new edition is called for we would suggest that it would be better to sacrifice the *format* of the Hoepli manuals, and to diminish the thickness of the volume by increasing the size of the page. Then there would be plenty of room for an alphabetical index. It must not be supposed that Dr. Marucchi has confined himself entirely to copying specimens of inscriptions. A number of excellent introductory notices explain the purport and bearing of each successive group, the arrangement being to some extent according to subjects, and consequently assuming a doctrinal character in some parts of the work. But Dr. Marucchi has by

¹ *Christian Epigraphy*. By Orazio Marucchi. Translated by J. Armine Willis. Cambridge University Press. 1912.

no means contented himself with illustrating the beliefs of the early Christians. He has sections also on the "organization of early Christian society," on "chronology," on the Damasian historical inscriptions, and on the *Graffiti*. In connexion with prayers for the dead we are sorry that the editor has not included the remarkable appeal discovered by Mgr. Wilpert in the cemetery of Priscilla:

Vos precor, o fratres, orare huc quando venitis
Et precibus totis Patrem Natumque rogatis,
Sit vestrae mentis Agapes carae meminisse
Ut Deus omnipotens Agapen in saecula servet.

The typographical execution of the volume is admirable.

2—A CENTURY OF GREAT MEN¹

IT is a pleasure to welcome another large book from the pen of Dr. James J. Walsh, whose works have put the English-speaking Catholic world under so heavy an obligation. Our readers know them well—*œuvres de vulgarisation* of the very best—written by a man who has the best of all qualifications, mastership in one branch of knowledge, combined with wide reading and all-round culture, the whole firmly based on a sound philosophy. Add to these a contagious enthusiasm for God and His Church and you have that force in the Catholic life of the States and of the British Isles which is Dr. Walsh. *The Century of Columbus* represents him in his wider and, in the best sense, amateur interests, as did *The Thirteenth, the Greatest of Centuries*. He paints the later century with the same broad brush as the earlier, as well as with the same vivid and detailed illustration. The great movements in art and literature, in science and civilization, are passed in review, and while much of the matter is common knowledge to the reader of any general culture (he is always glad, however, to re-read a well-written summary like this), much interesting detail not of general knowledge is given in the chapters dealing with the biological sciences, medicine and surgery. The chapter on "Social Work and Workers" should be of special use to-day, even if it takes the conceit out of some of us who may be apt

¹ *The Century of Columbus*. By James J. Walsh, K.C.St.G., M.D., Ph.D., LL.D., Litt.D., Sc.D., etc., etc. With eighty-six illustrations. New York: Catholic Summer School Press. Pp. xliv. 578. Price, 3.50 dols. post free. 1914.

to think that Social Service is a discovery of the twentieth century. In fact, of course, it is but a re-discovery, and belated at that. The chapter on St. Ignatius Loyola and the early Jesuits is of necessity sketchy, but forms a fine and heartfelt tribute.

Dr. Walsh, we need hardly say, adheres to the historical judgment expressed in the title of his earlier work. His distinction is undoubtedly just, that even those who maintain the thirteenth to be the "greatest of centuries," must allow the sixteenth to be the century of more supremely great individual men. No elaborate proof is needed of that. But we are glad to see that Dr. Walsh also recognizes in the later century, and pays full tribute to it, a certain ethos as significant and as important in a different way as that of the earlier. It is the more difficult for a Catholic to appraise this ethos, with its strands of good and evil so much more closely intertwined; but at least the novice who has read Dr. Walsh's book will come away unhampered by the absurd delusion that the century represents merely an efflorescence of naturalism in revolt against the supernatural. And equally his diagnosis is much more satisfactory than that of a far more learned man than himself, Lord Acton, with his strange theory that the revival of Greek explained everything. Very happily Dr. Walsh places in the forefront of his book the interpretation of the fifteenth century which Walter Pater gave us in unforgettable words. "That solemn fifteenth century," as he calls it, was indeed an age of personalities "many-sided, centralized, complete," that "breathe a common air and catch light and heat from each other's thoughts." But as Dr. Walsh points out, it had the disadvantage of being an age of the *élite*, and that is why the thirteenth century after all is greater. There was more in it for the common man, and that is the greatest century in which the common man is happiest.

3—THE EPISTLES TO THE CORINTHIANS¹

WITH this commentary on the two Epistles of St. Paul to the Corinthians, Dr. MacRory, the Professor of Sacred Scripture at Maynooth, commences what he hopes may become, if he is spared, a complete commentary on all the Epistles of St. Paul, as well as what are called

¹ *The Epistles of St. Paul to the Corinthians*. With Introduction and Commentary. By the Rev. Joseph MacRory, of Maynooth College. Dublin: Gill and Son. Pp. xxvi, xi, 168. Price, 7s. 6d. net. 1915.

the Catholic Epistles of the New Testament. This commentary is intended primarily for the students who attend his classes at Maynooth, but the author "will be very pleased if it should secure a place among the text-books of other colleges at home and abroad, or be used by priests on the mission to refresh the knowledge they acquired in student days." To judge from this first specimen it will be well-fitted for this purpose. It is not too elaborate, and yet is sufficiently searching to sift the sinuosities of the text, and so to enable the young student to obtain a good grasp of the Apostle's meaning, and of the features of ecclesiastical life that characterized that primitive Christian period. Moreover, the author shows himself a guide whom his readers can safely follow. He is evidently at home with the exegetical problems, yet does not unnecessarily obtrude them. He keeps throughout well in mind the requirements of theological students, who should not be occupied prematurely with the theories of the higher critics, but should be taught to appreciate correctly and accurately not only the substance, but the delicate shades of an author's meaning, to do which it is indispensable that he should have his eyes open, not only to the niceties of grammatical construction, and the bearing of historical context in the wider sense of the term, but also should have his ears attuned to the psychological influences which determine the modes in which the writer expresses his thought. This is a point which commentators are apt to overlook, but there are many passages in this volume which show that Dr. MacRory is keenly alive to it. Another merit in this commentary is that it is by a writer who is a theologian as well as a commentator, and can use his theology with effect in his interpretation of the dogmatic passages, without committing the incongruity of reading into the text from his theology what was not in the sacred writer's mind when he wrote. This is high praise to give to a theologian's commentary, but we think it is deserved.

Dr. MacRory tells us that he chose the two Epistles to the Corinthians for his first venture in commenting on St. Paul, because the first epistle is generally regarded as the finest of all the epistles, in view of the magnificence and beauty of its style and the variety and importance of its contents; whilst the second is unsurpassed in the insight it gives into the character and personal history of the Apostle. That is most true, and it means that these two epistles are particularly suitable

for introducing the student to the ministry of St. Paul under all its aspects. It is necessary to scrutinize very minutely the contents of their text if one is to extract from it the fullness of its rich yield of apostolic thought, and its rich stores of intimate primitive history. But that is just the exercise to which the young biblical scholar needs to be trained.

Comparatively little space is given to introductory matter, but what is given under this heading is well-chosen and sufficient. Possibly it might have been better to give a section of this portion to the principles of textual criticism as applied to the MSS. and other authorities for the text, but this can be sought elsewhere. One feature in the book which we may class with Introduction is the valuable collection of "outlines of the argument" which precede the chapters. To draw up these well in the case of a writer like St. Paul, who is so apt to diverge on subsidiary topics, and yet somehow to glide back to the main thread of his argument, is particularly hard, but Dr. MacRory has done this part of his work so well as greatly to facilitate for his readers the task of tracing the thread of thought that runs through the epistles.

4—OXFORD AND CAMBRIDGE CONFERENCES¹

MANY of us have, for more years than we care to remember, kept Father Joseph Rickaby's two little volumes of University Conferences in the very handiest place on our shelves of theological and spiritual books. One of them is out of print, the other nearly all gone; neither were ever very pleasing to the eye. It is therefore the pleasantest of surprises to receive in one large and handsome volume the whole set, from 1897 to 1901, even though one will still retain the older issues for the sake of their charming local allusions, and other little matters of personal interest that have perforce been sacrificed in preparing the addresses for issue to a wider public. That the wider public will appreciate their opportunity and profit to the full by this big basket of ripe fruit, the harvest of a fine intellect, an exact scholarship, a deep wisdom and a compelling personality, we have no doubt. And there is everything to attract. A conference of six or seven pages is an easier thing

¹ "*The Lord my Light.*" By Joseph Rickaby, S.J. London: Burns and Oates. Pp. viii, 326. Price, 6s. net. 1915.

to handle than a big folio like *God and His Creatures*, and more inviting than a Stonyhurst Treatise, however full of good things these may be. And a man who can turn even an Index to somebody else's writings into good reading, may be trusted not to be dull in work of his own. We are grateful, by the way, for the Index to the present volume, even though it is "not warranted to repeat what is clear in the 'Table of Contents.'" Instead, it interests for its own sake, and it piques curiosity; we could have done with more of it.

We need hardly indicate in detail the kind of thing to be found in these fifty conferences. Like *Ye are Christ's*, they are not systematic. The natural man in the undergraduate has, like the schoolboy, "no love for treatises." Few of us have. We attack them with a certain stolid resignation when we have to; as a rule nothing but professional exigency will drive us to it. Hence the average layman, even if of general culture and scholarly tastes, misses a good many of the nicer points in theology or apologetic, only met ordinarily in systematic reading, which it is useful for him to know and which he ought to know. To supply that kind of knowledge is certainly not Father Rickaby's chief aim, which we should describe rather as the inculcation and illustration, from all points of the compass, of certain great guiding principles. But it is not the least useful and not the least interesting of the things he has actually done. And what is more, such a conference as that on the Sacrifice of the Mass, not only lets the general Catholic reader into a fascinating corner of theological science, but attracts him to pursue the matter further for himself. If it leads any reader to look for himself into Cardinal Franzelin's amazing *tour de force* of theological argument, and be convinced by it, we are sure Father Rickaby will not resent the loss, to that extent, of a disciple. We have left ourselves little space to appreciate what has always been to our mind the most fascinating aspect of these discourses—their handling of the various questions of the moment as they are thrown up on the surface of a University life. In his hands they become the questions of all time, for to them the Jesuit applies the touchstone of eternal principles. As one turns again the pages of the book the image crosses one's mind of all the little men and little theories that seemed so full of life and interest a very few years ago. *Mais ou sont les nièges d'autan?* What is left of Mr. Lowes Dickinson and his "Greek view of Life," of that amusing

Frankenstein "Edward Gibbon Junior," or of many another? It is a lesson in relative values to re-read this book and feel that in the midst of a world-cataclysm it is as "actual" as it was when the peace of a Cambridge Sunday morning was still unbroken by the tramp of armed men.

5—RICHARD ROLLE'S *INCENDIUM AMORIS*¹

RICHARD ROLLE, of Hampole, was probably the greatest English mystical writer of the middle ages, and for many different reasons we are very grateful to investigators like Miss Margaret Deanesly, who, by their painstaking research, have added to the information we possess concerning his life and writings. To say the truth, however, Miss Deanesly can hardly be regarded as having much increased our knowledge regarding Rolle himself, though negatively she has done good work by showing that certain lines of investigation are not likely to prove remunerative, and, following a lead given by Miss Hope Allen, she has cleared up much of the obscurity regarding the relations between the longer and the curtailed text of the *Incendium Amoris*. Further, her researches have brought her into contact with some interesting facts regarding the history of the Bridgettine nuns of Sion Abbey, Isleworth. Evidence of serious work is also afforded by the full catalogue and description of the numerous manuscripts containing this Latin treatise. We can only regret that the contents of the document thus edited for the first time, whether regarded from an ascetical, a literary or an autobiographical point of view, hardly seem worthy of the time bestowed upon it. The point which has struck us as most deserving of attention is the author's extensive and persistent use of alliteration in Latin prose. In point of fact it rather surprises us that Miss Deanesly has apparently not thought this feature worthy of special comment. What, however, is much more astonishing is the carelessness with which the Latin text of this rather costly volume, appearing under University auspices, has been edited and printed. Some of the peculiarities which attract attention may have been adopted on principle. The editor seems systematically to print *eciam*, *conversacio*, *adolescencia*, etc., and

¹ The "*Incendium Amoris*" of Richard Rolle of Hampole. Edited by Margaret Deanesly. Manchester: at the University Press. (Manchester University Historical Series.) Pp. xxiv, 284. Price, 10s. 6d. net. 1915.

it is possible that for this she may be able to quote the authority of her best manuscripts. But when we come to such forms as *beacior* (p. 194), *celescia* (192), *anguscia* (168), *sencias* (169), *oscium* (152), we begin to have our doubts whether she can correctly have read her texts. Still more when we are brought up against barbarisms like *conformitur* (184), *inter summas choras angelorum* (154), *acciperit* (174), *ad apprehendum* (182), *anhelebant* (152), etc., we are quite unable to believe that this was how Richard Rolle himself would have written the words in his own autograph. Neither could he have known Latin so badly as to write *omnia autem simul manente* (175), *ita ut nunquam aut rarissime exeunt* (153), *ut merear te videri* (152), with many other solecisms even more startling. We might cite page 153 as providing a whole series of problems which a few very obvious conjectural emendations would reduce to normality.

6—THE CONTINUATION OF LINGARD¹

IF all England and America had been canvassed and months spent upon the search, probably no one more suitable could have been found to bring Lingard's great work down to modern times than Mr. Hilaire Belloc. We are fully conscious how widely Dr. Lingard and Mr. Belloc differ in temperament and in training; we are even more conscious of the contrast presented by their respective literary styles; none the less we are satisfied that the last two centuries of English history required an entirely different treatment from the balanced sifting of authorities which is the keynote of the work of the older historian, and if an impressionist presentment was necessary, we know of no authority to whom we would more readily trust ourselves than Mr. Belloc in dealing with the Catholic and political history of comparatively recent times. Although we do not admire the practice of supplying no bibliography and practically no references, it must be confessed that this matters less when, owing to the restrictions of space, broader issues alone can be dealt with and when the main facts are hardly in dispute. Mr. Belloc

¹ *The History of England*. From the first Invasion by the Romans to the Revolution in 1688. By John Lingard, D.D. 10 vols. Vol. XI. (sold separately) From 1688 to the accession of King George V. By Hilaire Belloc. London and Edinburgh: Sands and Co. Pp. xxviii, 730. Price, 16s. net. 1915.

always writes clearly, and, what is not quite the same thing, he writes coherently. We distinctly like his habit, never carried to excess, of occasionally printing an important fact or sentence in italics. We also like, as conducing much to lucidity and as establishing a certain rapport between the historian and the reader, the short introductions to the two main divisions of the volume, in which he outlines certain political theories, and explains at the same time his method of treatment. The general effect produced is that of assisting at a lecture, and, as fashionable London has shown by the most flattering of testimonials during the last few months, Mr. Belloc has the reputation of being a very good lecturer.

It is, at any rate, pleasant to have the sense that throughout this bulky volume the author is dealing with congenial themes. A period of history which embraces the whole career of Marlborough and Wellington is bound to contain a good deal of military history, and Mr. Belloc has proved himself a specialist in military history. Even more distinctive of an epoch which might be called the epoch of the great Prime-Ministers, beginning with Sir Robert Walpole and ending with Mr. Gladstone, is the development of Government by party, and here again is a field which has long absorbed our author's best interest and energies. Lastly, as an earnest Catholic and a student intimately versed in the French and other revolutionary movements, the same writer may be counted upon to approach the whole Irish question with the fullest comprehension and sympathy. This means much, for when we study the underneath of things, we discover that the Irish problem for two hundred years past has shaped the political destinies of this great empire to an extent which few people realize.

And the net result is that Mr. Belloc has given us a live and thoroughly interesting book. In the idea of many readers, a History of England, never mind what period it deals with or by whom it is written, always smacks somewhat of the schoolroom. If we wanted to disabuse anyone of such an idea, we could not do so more effectually than by directing his attention to the volume before us. The continuation, as already hinted, does not recall the method of Dr. Lingard. We could hardly, for example, have anything less like Dr. Lingard than such a paragraph as the following—we take it almost at random:

From the year 1721 for over twenty—or nearer twenty-one—

years, Walpole governed, and for the first six, to the death of George I., he governed absolutely. The King was wholly ignorant of English; Walpole, of French and German. He has been represented as ruling the King in private—as a fact he simply neglected him. A few words of Latin were their only medium of conversation, and Walpole's Latin and George I.'s must have been worth hearing.

Naturally Mr. Belloc's political leanings are too strongly marked to be likely to please all parties. Much might be said in criticism of many of his utterances. None the less, we consider that he holds the balance very fairly, and his book becomes the pleasanter reading because he is not afraid to assume the lecturer's attitude. Here, for example, is a passage which gives a very good idea of his method of approach to a burning question of supreme historical importance:

We must at this point pause to consider one of those ideas which have profoundly affected the history of the modern world. I mean the idea of Free Trade. Its supremacy in Great Britain is no longer unshaken. It never dominated the intelligence of the Continent. Its mastery even over the intellectual field which it conquered in our civilization has not therefore been very long-lived; but it formed during the full lifetime of a man perhaps the chief temporal doctrine, certainly the chief economic doctrine of nineteenth century Europe. It had upon the fortunes of Great Britain in particular so prodigious an effect (and the obstinate or necessary retention of it will have so much greater an effect in the immediate future), that one might almost write a history of British commerce during the Victorian period round that one phrase "Free Trade."

We have made these quotations with the purpose of giving an idea of Mr. Belloc's manner rather than his matter. For the rest, our advice to readers, whatever their political or religious sympathies, is that if they want a relatively short *exposé* of the causes which have brought our Empire to the position, both as regards domestic politics and foreign relations, in which she found herself at the beginning of the present war, they cannot do better than make acquaintance for themselves with this very suggestive volume.

SHORT NOTICES

THEOLOGICAL.

WE lately had occasion to pass some general remarks on Messrs. Longmans' cheap and attractive "Layman's Library," edited by Dr. Burkitt, and the type of apologetic it represents. We fear that the latest issue, namely, **Discovery and Revelation**, by the Rev. H. T. Hamilton, D.D., must leave us in the same attitude of detachment towards the series as did Mr. Selwyn's recent book. A carefully written book which sets out to defend the continuity of Christianity as we know it with the primitive "revelation" of God, and its harmony with the "discovery" of God by the human mind, has a fruitful and attractive theme. But, with all recognition of Dr. Hamilton's many excellencies, there is far too much in his detailed arguments incompatible with the teaching of the Church, for us to be able to feel at home with his book or commend it to our readers. The chapter on Prophets and Prophesying goes all to pieces because it ignores the supernatural element, and that on the organization of Jewish Monotheism is built up a structure of historical criticism utterly unproved.

The Rev. Paul Bull of Mirfield stands, amid the infinite varieties of high Anglicanism, on very much the same platform as Mr. Carey of the Pusey House, and the latter's very general sketch of a religious position which we noticed lately is closely paralleled by Mr. Bull's **The Sacramental Principle** (Longmans: 3s. 6d. net). As it deals rather with fundamental theology, we feel more at home with Mr. Bull's book, of which the earlier chapters in particular seem to us very valuable, true, and freshly put. The exposure of mere materialism is admirable, but Mr. Bull, though with entire orthodoxy of intention, and with a real feeling for practical sense, concedes too much theoretically to spiritualistically monist interpretations of the universe. The working out of the sacramental idea in the Incarnation and the Church is illustrated by much vivid and suggestive analogy, but suffers, the further it goes, from the inevitable inconclusiveness of the Anglican touch. The clearer Mr. Bull's sacramental teaching becomes—as witness, the admirable statement he gives of the doctrine of the Sacrifice of the Mass—the more difficult it becomes for him to show by what authority he teaches it. On the other hand, the more he rests on his authority, as in the treatment of Confession, the more cloudy his theology becomes.

Some six years ago it was our privilege to welcome an important work on the **History of the Commandments of the Church** by a Professor of the Catholic University of Paris, the Rev. A. Villien. None too soon there now arrives from Messrs. Herder an English Version, which those who do not read French will find more than worth the price of 6s. net which is asked for it. The work is one of erudition, very much in the manner of Father Thurston's studies in liturgical and ecclesiastical origins, marked by the same fulness of documentation, breadth of learning, objectivity of method, and never-flagging interest. Apart from its value as a contribution to historical science, it makes the best of good reading to anyone interested in ecclesiastical subjects.

APOLOGETIC.

A veritable Apologetic encyclopædia on a small scale and in one not too heavy volume is given us by Father M. P. Hill, S.J., in his adaptation of the "Modernes ABC" of Father F. X. Brors, S.J., entitled **The Catholic's Ready Answer**, published by Messrs. Benziger Brothers at the price, moderate for so considerable a book, of two dollars. Here will be found clear exposition, sound guidance and sufficient documentation in regard to the hundred and one diverse subjects that keep coming up in the work of the Catholic apologist. From questions as old as those concerning the Bible to those as new as Eugenics or Pragmatism, the ground is well covered and proportion well observed. Though such a book as this is naturally to a large extent a compendium of matter already familiar to the apologist, there will be few readers who will not find in it points new and useful to them. We have found nothing in it that seems weak, except perhaps the defence of the use of Latin in the Liturgy; it is really impossible, in view of Uniate rites as well as fundamental principles, to base this on an alleged necessity that the one universal Church must have one universal language.

Of quite a different kind is the latest volume of "The Catholic Library"—Mr. Edward Ingram Watkin's **Some Thoughts on Catholic Apologetics** (Manresa Press: 1s. net). Here we have a deeply-thought essay on certain underlying principles of Catholic Apologetic in general, worked out with a special view to what Mr. Watkin conceives to be the particular need of the day. His view of the claims of Truth implies a two-fold onus, not merely on the non-Catholic to hear what Catholicism has to say for itself, but also on the Catholic "to speak so that non-Catholics can and will listen." This is, of course, the key to Cardinal Newman's apologetic, and to use it once more, now that so long a time has passed, in estimating the position and prospects of our Apologetic, is Mr. Watkin's confessed aim. We have space only to say that he has produced not only a helpful, but a brilliant study. His analysis of the seven tendencies he sees in the modern habit of mind, which work against Catholicism but which may be harnessed to serve its ends, is particularly helpful. "Interpretative Apologetic" is Mr. Watkin's happy phrase for the special need of our age. His own little work is already a solid contribution in that direction.

Yet a third type of apologetic is reflected in the new and enlarged edition, which we are glad to see has been demanded, of Father Bernard W. Kelly's **Short Course of Catholic Instruction** (Washbourne: price 6d.), specially intended for inquirers already well-disposed to receive the truth, as well as for the instruction of our own young people. Following the usual lines of such a "Course," Father Kelly's is distinguished by its fulness of interesting illustrative matter, particularly of the literary and historical kinds, as well as by the constant attention of the author to the apologetic needs of each point as it arises. The good old books like *Faa di Bruno* will never lose their value, but for many inquirers courses of instruction reflecting the mentality of the moment are needed, and for our own young people, who have to meet that mentality every day are absolutely necessary. Father Kelly's is one of the best.

DEVOTIONAL.

Yet another book of devotion to his favourite subject reaches us from Father Joseph McDonnell, S.J., in **The Service of the Sacred**

Heart (Washbourne: price 1s.), an explanation of the exercise of devotion to the Heart of Jesus known as the "Nine Offices," which goes back to the days of Blessed Margaret Mary herself, and was suggested to her by two revelations she had received. These "Offices" of course are not "offices" in the ecclesiastical sense, but voluntary duties or services undertaken in honour of the Sacred Heart. Father McDonnell fits them with a devotional clothing of instruction, meditation and vocal prayer well calculated to increase the fervour and merit which those who undertake their performance may attain.

From the Society of the Divine Word, Techny, Illinois, comes yet a further addition to the admirable and growing missionary literature we have so frequently of late had to welcome at its hands. Father Frederick Schwager, S.V.D., in **The Most Vital Mission Problem of the Day** (price 90 cents), discusses the questions—to use his own words—"Shall the heathen become Protestants? If not, what are we doing to help them to become members of our Holy Mother the Church?" With Teutonic thoroughness Father Schwager surveys the statistical field of the Protestant missionary organizations, and sees in them a wider activity than is sometimes allowed. Their confessed failure in proselytizing countries already worked by Catholicism must not in his view blind us to their activity in unworked pagan countries. Whether or not we can go all the way with Father Schwager, we commend his book to all interested in the Propagation of the Faith as one very full of matter which demands their serious attention.

We have also received from this excellent organization a further selection of their devotional pamphlets, all published at popular prices per dozen. **Twelve Communion Devotions in Honour of the Twelve Apostles** is a translation by Father Cornelius Pekari, O.S.F.C., from the German of Father F. X. Brors, S.J., and its special scope is the offering of Holy Communion as "an alms for the heathen." An **Eucharistic Novena**, by Father A. M. Gamerra, is written in the spirit of Father Faber's well-known hymn, "O Happy Flowers," and the same writer's **Little Month of the Sacred Heart of Jesus**, follows closely the writings of Blessed Margaret Mary. This excellent American missionary community is evidently doing much to build up devotion at home as well as amongst the heathen.

The same Society proposes to increase its many activities by publishing an illustrated Monthly for children, and has hit on the happy idea of circulating widely a trial copy, inviting suggestions from all and sundry. It is proposed to start the regular issues in September. We really do not see how the trial copy can be bettered. It is bright, varied and fresh. We trust arrangements may be made for English as well as American children to enjoy its contents.

While writing of Missions we must not pass by without notice the start of a new series of that excellent Monthly, **Catholic Missions**. The new number is of wide interest, taking from Tibet to Oceania; in particular we may notice a vivid sketch of life on the Jesuit Mission at Empandeni. We wish *Catholic Missions* every success in its renewed lease of life.

The latest addition to Messrs. Duckworth's "Roadmender Series," so named after Michael Fairless' famous allegory, is particularly welcome to Catholics. For in **A Martyr's Servant**, the "tale of John Kent, 1553-1563," Mr. A. S. Cripps tells the "high romance" of the life of

the Ven. Gonçalo da Silveira, the Proto-martyr of Mashonaland and honoured forerunner of his fellow-Jesuits who labour to-day in South and South-Eastern Africa. Mr. Cripps acknowledges indebtedness, too, to the life of the martyr by the Rev. H. Chadwick, S.J. Of itself the appreciation of a Jesuit saint and of the Jesuit Society manifest on every page of this book would commend it to the Catholic reader. But it has, in fact, merits of a deeper and less common kind, spiritual insight, deep yet restrained emotional power, and a great zeal—though not always informed with Catholic knowledge. We welcome it heartily, and as heartily commend it to all who are capable of "excepting" the slight "*excienda*" some of its pages reveal.

A book in the same literary method and spiritual temper, though here wholly imaginative, is Miss Margaret Yeo's **The Everlasting Guest**, very beautifully produced and published by the Society of SS. Peter and Paul, of 30, George Street, Hanover Square, at 2s. 6d. net. It consists of a series of studies in the manner of Malory, but of far more distinctly and directly spiritual import, all of them deeply thought and felt, and adequately expressed. Where all the stories are good it is invidious to select, but for ourselves we have liked best "Christmas in the Forest" and "The Adventure of the Grey Palmer." We cordially recommend the volume, and gladly testify that in this case there are no *excienda* whatever.

From Messrs. Burns and Oates comes a charmingly-produced little volume entitled **Thirty-one Days with our Blessed Lady**, described in its sub-title as "a book compiled for a little girl," by Margaret M. Kennedy. It consists of a series of readings upon points in Our Lady's life, bringing in not only their spiritual lessons but a large amount of historical and some ecclesiastical detail. It is simply and attractively written, though perhaps a little heavily-laden with facts and quotations for a child's reading. There are a number of line-drawings of a not very strong type, but such as to add undoubtedly to the attraction of the book for the young.

It was hardly possible, indeed not desirable, that all the volumes in Mr. Herder's latest batch should present the same features of novelty and discursive interest. Indeed, the highest praise Father Henry Gabriel, of the Californian Province of the Society of Jesus, would wish for his **Eight Days' Retreat for Religious**, would be that it should faithfully reproduce, with due regard to the special needs of the day, the great tradition entrusted to the sons of St. Ignatius. That he has done so faithfully, adequately and convincingly we gladly testify, as well as that the clothing of the outline with flesh and blood, the selection where matter is so over-abundant, and the illustration on which so much depends—all of which things are the heavy task of the individual retreat-giver—prove Father Gabriel to be more than equal to his work. Though the price for England, 6s. net, is rather high, the volume is intrinsically worth much more.

A very valuable book, particularly for priests and religious, but also for all men of good-will, is **The Priesthood and Sacrifice of Our Lord Jesus Christ**, by Père Grimal, S.M., translated by the Rev. M. J. Keyes, S.M. (McVey, Philadelphia: price 1.75 dollars). It is a combination of dogmatic theology and devotion intended to deepen and quicken that affective appreciation of the central mysteries of our religion which is so

essential a complement to the intellectual. Father Grimal does his work as thoroughly on the devotional as on the dogmatic side, and has given us a deeply-thought and deeply-felt book, which will do much, we are sure, both to quicken devotion and to confirm faith.

BIOGRAPHICAL.

The three sumptuous volumes of Father T. J. Campbell, S.J., on the *Pioneer Priests of North America*, are now followed by the first of a series of volumes dealing similarly with the laity. The figures first chosen as representative *Pioneer Laymen of North America* (New York. The America Press: price 1.75 dollars) are those of Jacques Cartier, Menendez, and Champlain, and in further volumes are to follow De La Tour, Maisonneuve, Le Moyne and Radisson. The stories are told each with the same fulness of detail as in Father Campbell's earlier work, and an admirable abundance of maps adds greatly to the value of the book. We should have thought, however, that even in the case of sketches like these, intended for the general reader, some elementary bibliographical matter would have been a useful addition.

FICTION.

We welcome from Messrs. Burns and Oates a re-issue, at the low price of a shilling net, of Miss Mary Maher's charming story of Irish life, *Her Father's Trust*. We wish this touching, if rather conventionally narrated, tale a renewed lease of life. If it has its full share of the sadness of Ireland, it also has its underlying and fundamental joy.

Although we do not remember to have met the name of Mr. Adam Squire before, his novel, entitled *Stilts* (Duckworth and Co.: 6s.), gives a pleasant impression of having been written with remarkable ease. The dialogue, though perhaps not sparkling, is always bright and natural. The psychology of the characters, without being extraordinarily subtle, at least rings true. The touches of description are not overdone, and the story itself is a wholesome and interesting piece of high comedy in which a deeper note is occasionally sounded. If anyone had assured us that *Stilts* was an unpublished work of the late Mr. Henry Harland, we should not have felt justified in contradicting him, though we should have been conscious that it did not always represent Mr. Harland in his best and daintiest mood. Perhaps the least satisfactory part of the book is the pretended loss of the pearl necklace which serves as its *dénouement*. No reader, we fancy, however quick to enter into the spirit of a pretty feminine artfulness, can fail to be somewhat mystified by the incident as narrated, and the risks to which the precious ornament, little Joyce's sole fortune, is wantonly exposed in the process, seem to us to offend against the sober good sense conspicuous in the rest of the story. But be this as it may, we shall be thoroughly glad to meet with any future work of fiction for which the name of Mr. Adam Squire serves as a guarantee.

Father John Condon, O.S.A., gives us in *The Crackling of Thorns* (Gill and Son, Dublin: price 3s. 6d.), a series of very strong short stories, some very realistic, others as mystical, viewing through Catholic eyes many of the most pressing problems of the day, social and intellectual. Rightly, Father Condon does not shrink from what is painful, though in more than one story the "triumph of the Faith" carries

all before it. The human interest is unflagging, however strongly the didactic purpose may be evident.

From Messrs. Benziger we have received two volumes of their "thirty-five cent Juvenile Library," a popular series, which has now run to over fifty volumes. Of handy size, and bound in neat and comely linen cloth, these volumes, unlike so many American publications, are really inexpensive at the price charged in England—1s. 3d. net.—and certainly few series offer a more varied choice of gift-books. They differ, of course, in value, but one and all are, it need hardly be said, unexceptionable from the Catholic point of view. Of the two before us, **The Mad Knight**, adapted from the German of Otto v. Schaching by K. Denvir, consists of *Don Quixote*, boiled down, adapted and otherwise doctored, till it falls within the limits of a quite small "juvenile book." Lovers of a great classic will hardly behold with much tolerance such a process and its result, and may think that even for children another way is better. Certainly we should not like to think that our own childhood had been put off with *The Mad Knight* in place of Cervantes. Still, the abridgement may have its uses, and here it is for whoever, in an age of snippets, thinks *Don Quixote* too solid fare. The other volume is a story of Cuba, **Miralda**, adapted from the German of William Herchenbach, by Katharine Mary Johnston. It is a good, straightforward story, with plenty of interest in the way of adventure, and is entirely to be commended.

From the same publishers comes a full-sized story-book by Mary Agatha Gray, entitled **Like unto a Merchant**; but here the difference of prices across the ocean makes the volume rather expensive for English buyers—5s. 6d. net. Miss Gray's stories are well-known and appreciated among American Catholics and are entirely recommendable, though we confess to finding them void of any particular distinction. *Like unto a Merchant* is a good story of modern life, with several conversations, a happy ending and an excellent moral.

WAR BOOKS.

Messrs. Washbourne have done well to publish just now an English version of **The Way of the Cross for War Time**, by Mgr. Gibergues, Bishop of Valence (price twopence). It is primarily intended for those on whom at home lies the duty of supporting our fighting forces by prayer, and it is eminently calculated to deepen and extend the devotion which that duty demands.

The third fascicule of Messrs. Franc-Nohain and Paul Delay's **Histoire Anecdotique de la Guerre** reaches us from Messrs. Lethielleux (price 60 centimes). It is of special interest, dealing as it does with the questions of "Les Alsaciens-Lorrains et les Etrangers au service de la France." The "anecdotes" of the lost provinces bear out fully the impressions gained from Mr. Eccles' careful and reasoned Oxford Pamphlet on the same subject. Still more virile, and fresh to the English reader are the pictures of the 32,000 foreign volunteers who have offered themselves to France. As the lamented Comte Albert de Mun wrote, "La France a seule des volontaires étrangers; l'Allemagne, elle, n'a que des déserteurs." The fourth fascicule deals with the organization of voluntary charitable effort during the war. Apart from its use as a

practical guide, the little book is full of stories of vivid interest. To name only one, we have here the story of the heroism of Mgr. Marbeau. Bishop of Meaux, who faced the Germans in their great advance, while functionaries, all and sundry, ran away. What he did for soldiers and civilians alike in that trying time reacted on public opinion throughout the length and breadth of France.

We are grateful, and perhaps justifiably a little flattered, that the Lord Bishop of Chalons should have sent to us, as his Lordship has done, his latest volume of addresses, *Consignes de Guerre*, published by Messrs. Téqui of Paris at 3.50 francs. Our readers already know his Lordship as a great pulpit orator, and as the author of many volumes of high inspiration, particularly addressed to the young, and to the devout female sex. Of *Consignes de Guerre* we can only advise our readers to get it and read it for themselves. No short estimate, such as alone our space would allow, could give any idea of this record of a devastated diocese and a devoted Bishop and clergy, of the faith and heroism of a Catholic country re-awakened to the greatness of its history and its mission as the eldest daughter of the Church; but we cannot help noticing as we pass Mgr. Tissier's kindly and graceful recognition of the work of reconstruction the foreign contingent of the Society of Friends is doing in his diocese where the tide of war has receded. And we cannot but single out as eminent examples of the most touching eloquence and the deepest devotion the addresses entitled "La Prière des Enfants de France," "La Face du Christ et la Guerre," and "Cœur de Jésus, sauvez la France." In which prayer, full of confidence, we Catholics in England unitedly join.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Messrs. Burns and Oates have certainly made a very distinctive book out of the new *Ordo Administrandi Sacramenta* (price 5s. net), issued for Great Britain by the Cardinal Archbishop. Small enough for the pocket, it is yet a sumptuous book—or rather it would be when bound in something richer than the black canvas of our copy—with a title-page and a substitute for the half-title which are both striking in the extreme. The same adjective is perhaps the best to apply to the fount of type chosen for the body of the book; some will like it, some not. We are not sure if we are among the former; there seems to us a certain wilful roughness in the fount, which has not the virtue that may lie in roughness, in that it is so plainly imitative. Still, this is matter of opinion. At any rate, the days are past when anything would do in England for the production of a Catholic book. And for this we have largely to thank the "societas bibliopolarum," as this book has it, "vulgo nuncupata Burns and Oates."

We opened Dean Inge's latest production, *Types of Christian Saintliness* (Longmans: 1s. and 2s. net), at random, and found something about "the sacrifice of the intellect, as recommended by Roman Catholic directors." A few pages further off is something else about "the traditional Romanist preaching about hell" being "quite as detestable as the Calvinist." Elsewhere we learn the "paltriness" of "Louis of Gonzaga or the nun Gertrude," also that "Catholics have always felt instinctively that St. Paul is a Saint who does not belong to them." All this is not to say that Dean Inge does not recognize a good many features

in Catholicism which he envies, or that he does not offer a defence of them on pragmatist lines, which would be more deadly than an attack were it valid. But our quotations will suffice to show why a reasoned estimate of a book by an author of such mentality as a whole would really be waste of time in these columns.

An excellent and tastefully-produced school edition of Cicero's *Somnium Scipionis* (Schwartz and Co., Cambridge, U.S.A.) from the larger treatise, *De Re Publica*, has been produced by Father J. A. Kleist, S.J., who means it primarily to be used in connexion with his *Aids to Latin Prose Composition*, though it has an independent value. An accurate English translation accompanies the text and there is an abundance of useful notes.

A wonderful amount of industry has itself been consumed in the compilation entitled *Women in Industry* (Women's Industrial Council: 1s.), and edited by Lucy Wyatt Papworth, M.A., and Dorothy M. Zimmern, M.A. In its 107 pages are enumerated and classified all the publications relating to the conditions, etc., of women's labour that the authors have been able, by diligent search, to come across, and the whole pamphlet must become indispensable to the social student who wishes to have access to the materials for forming a judgment on one of the most complicated questions of the day.

In *The Earthly Paradise* (Herder: price 6d.) the Rev. John Henry, C.S.S.R., has written a series of fourteen persuasive chapters on the Religious Life, its claims, attractions and advantages. We may, perhaps, feel that two of the chapters on "obstacles" might have been more happily expressed; the very heading of one conveys an unpleasant flavour which we are sure the pious author cannot have intended. But they leave the bulk of the little volume as persuasive as it is direct.

Captain C. H. Stigand's *Grammar of Dialectic Changes in the Kiswahili Language* (Cambridge Press: 7s. 6d. net), described more comprehensibly (to the layman) on the cover as "Dialect in Swahili," is a volume very interesting to all who dabble at all in languages. The author's name, that of a proved administrator and writer on East African subjects, is sufficient guarantee of its scientific value, still further assured by the contributions of the Rev. W. E. Taylor, another first-class authority, to the volume. To the general reader, perhaps the most interesting feature is Captain Stigand's reproduction of the Northern dialectic form (or rather Mr. Taylor's rhymed translation) of the "Inkishafi," one of the old Zingian Classics of much interest and value in the study of Comparative Religion. But even in the drier parts of the book there is much about dialectic changes in general, and the oddities to be found in these remote languages which will fascinate even the amateur philologist.

That a man of affairs, the editor of a great daily, should openly avow his concern with and interest in the things of the soul is all to the good. In this respect Sir Edward Russell stands in the worthy following of his friend Gladstone, of Arthur Balfour and of many another. But we fear that his standpoint, as disclosed in the two essays from his pen, published by Messrs. Williams and Norgate, *A Speculation on Hypothesis in Religion* (price 1s. net), is too utterly alien from our own to allow us to appreciate him. Sir Edward seems to have been brought up on the Solifidian theology of the old-fashioned evangelicals, and to

be desirous of retaining some of its working force (together with elements introduced from "mysticism"), while at the same time abandoning any sort of objective, dogmatic truth whatever. We are simply to retain dogma as hypothesis. The idea is not new; we cannot honestly say that Sir Edward makes it more acceptable to the plain mind. Mr. Gladstone would have had something to say to Sir Edward's strange ideas about the true incidence of Bishop Butler's argument from probability.

We owe to Mr. G. M. Edwards, Fellow of Sidney Sussex College, a very useful school edition of *Tacitus, Annals IV.* (Cambridge Press: 2s. 6d.). As he points out, this book is a very good introduction to the study of the early Principate; but we demur to his coupling with the latter phrase, "Silver Age Latin." In an excellent discussion of Tacitus as artist, he himself points out that the historian assuredly did not write that very objectionable language, "Silver Latin"; he dealt in art, not in artifice. Nor do we agree with Mr. Edwards in his estimate of Tarver's elaborate and preposterous attempt to whitewash Tiberius. However, these are details. Mr. Edwards' work is thoroughly good and useful, and the notes especially make more than most of their kind for the understanding of the substance of Tacitus as well as of his language. The indexes are good, but in another edition some sort of abstract of the contents and chronological table should be added.

MINOR PUBLICATIONS.

The three latest penny publications of the C.T.S. are of special interest. Few records of conversions are more striking than that of **Dr. Agnes McLaren**, one of the early pioneers of medical work for women. A woman of outstanding intellectual gifts, as well as of remarkable character, brought up in what might seem the most unpromising of atmospheres for the production of a Catholic. However, the Scottish Presbyterian, friend of Bright, Cobden and Mill, fellow-worker with Jane Taylor and Josephine Butler, got her chance in student-years at MontPELLIER and in the friendship of Cardinal de Cabrières. Twenty years passed before the barriers broke down, but they were years of untiring charity and perfect sincerity. Something of what they produced, and still more the years as a Catholic and a Tertiary of St. Dominic, may be seen in Miss Ryan's biographical sketch. We trust it will send many readers further afield to the fuller life written in French by the Master-General of the Friars Preachers, and published last year.

Excellent examples of the more popular type of apologetic are the *Dialogues of Defence*, by Father E. Lester, S.J., of which the C.T.S. has just issued for a penny the first series. Such subjects as Infallibility, Anglican Orders, and the Celibacy of the Clergy are here attractively handled in dialogue form, with sufficient depth and substance for their purpose. They have appeared, as further numbers of the series will still do, in that excellent little monthly, *Stella Maris*. The Fiction series of the C.T.S. obtains a notable addition in two sketches, *The Martyrdom of Father Jean* and *To the Front*, published together for a penny. The former, by Mr. Cecil Roberts, is a reprint of a very striking sketch which first appeared in *The British Review*; the latter, by Mr. F. E. Patridge, comes from *The Messenger*. Both are welcome additions to our stock of war stories.

BOOKS RECEIVED

(Reviewed in present issue or reserved for future notice.)

"AMERICA" PRESS, New York.

Pioneer Laymen of North America.
By T. J. Campbell, S.J. Vol. I.
Pp. xvii. 287. Price, \$1.75.

BEAUCHESNE, Paris.

*Journal d'un Caré de Campagne
Pendant la Guerre.* Par Jean
Quercy. Pp. 310. Price, 3 francs.
*Patriotisme, Impérialisme, Mili-
tarisme.* Par Lucien Roure. Pp.
48. Price, 50 centimes. *Jeanne
la Libératrice*, 1429, 1915. Par
Mgr. Baudrillart. Pp. 32. Price,
75 centimes.

BLACKWELL, Oxford.

*Divine Service of the Lord's Supper
according to S. Sarapion Scholas-
ticus.* By Bishop Vernon Herford,
B.A. Pp. 32. Price, 6d. net.

BENZIGER BROS., New York.

*The Message of Moses and Modern
Higher Criticism.* By Francis
Gigot, D.D. Pp. 35. Price, 9d.
The Catholic's Ready Answer.
By the Rev. M. P. Hill, S.J. Pp.
490. Price, \$2 net.

BURNS & OATES, London.

The Lord my Light. By Joseph
Rickaby, S.J. Pp. viii. 326.
Price, 6s. net. *The Goddess of
Ghosts.* By C. C. Martindale, S.J.
Pp. 120. Price, 3s. 6d. net. *Ordo
Administrandi Sacramenta.* Pp.
322. Price, 5s. net.

CAMBRIDGE UNIVERSITY PRESS.

The Book of Judges. By H. C. O.
Lanchester, M.A. Pp. 110. Price,
1s. 6d. net. *An Introduction to
Greek Reading.* By George
Robertson, M.A. Pp. 114. Price,
2s. 6d. net. *Le Muséon Revue
d'Etudes Orientales.* Third Series.
Vol. I., No. 1. Pp. 132. Price,
6s. net.

CATHOLIC TRUTH SOCIETY, London.
Several Penny Pamphlets.

DUCKWORTH & Co., London.

Stills. By Adam Squire. Pp. 307.
Price, 6s.

GARDNER, DARTON & Co, London.

*The Commonwealth: A Christian
Social Magazine.* Volume for
1914. Pp. 384. Price, bound,
5s. net.

GILL & SON, Dublin.

Poems. By Ethne. Pp. 96. Price,
3s. 6d.

LETHIELLEUX, Paris.

Histoire Anecdotique de la Guerre.
By MM. Franc-Nohain and Paul
Delay. Fasc. 4. Pp. 109. Price,
60 c.

LONGMANS, London.

*Belgian Democracy: its Early His-
tory.* By Henri Pirenne. Trans-
lated by J. V. Saunders, M.A.
Pp. 250. Price, 4s. 6d. net. *Re-
flections of a Non-Combatant.* By
M. D. Petre. Pp. ix. 142. Price,
2s. 6d. net. *The Eternal Goal.*
By Rev. E. A. Burroughs. Pp.
22. Price, 2d. net.

MCVEY, Philadelphia.

*The Priesthood and Sacrifice of Our
Lord Jesus Christ.* By Rev. J.
Grimal, S.M. Pp. 400. Price,
\$1.75.

MANRESA PRESS, Rochampton.

*Some Thoughts on Catholic Apolo-
getics.* By Edward Ingram Wat-
kin, B.A. Pp. 140. Price, 1s.
net.

MISSION PRESS, S.V.D., Techny,
Illinois.

*The Most Vital Mission Problem of
the Day.* By Rev. Frederick
Schwager, S.V.D. Pp. 136. Price,
90 c. Also several pamphlets.

MUNGRET COLLEGE, Limerick.

The Mungret Annual, July, 1915.
Pp. 348.

WASHBOURNE, London.

Mary: a Romance. By L. M.
Stacpoole-Kenny. Pp. 273. Price,
2s. 6d. *In God's Army. I. Com-
manders-in-Chief.* By C. C. Mar-
tindale, S.J. Pp. xi. 192. Price,
1s. *The Service of the Sacred
Heart.* By J. McDonnell, S.J.
Pp. 115. Price, 1s. *Why Catholics
Honour Mary.* By Rev. Joseph
H. Stewart. Pp. 47. Price, 3d.
*The Way of the Cross for War-
Time.* By Mgr. de Gibergues.
Pp. 24. Price, 2d. *Love's Gra-
datory.* By B. John Ruysbroeck.
Pp. 168. Price, 1s. *A Synopsis
of Devas' Political Economy.*
Edited by C. D. Hugo, O.P. Pp.
63. Price, 6d. net. *A Short
Course of Catholic Instruction.* By
Rev. B. W. Kelly. Second edition.
Pp. 88. Price, 6d. *Roma.* By
Rev. Albert Kuhn, O.S.B. Parts
viii. and ix., being pp. 249-312
of the whole work. Price, 1s. 3d.
net each.

